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DETECTIVE STORIES

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Feature Detective Story

MRS. DEANE'S JEWELS

By

Beatrice S. Luisi

HAP. HADLEY

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A Chat About No. 139

SOME wonderful detective stories are going to appear in the next number, out in two weeks. The plots are splendid, and they were all written in an interesting style that cannot fail to win your approval. The feature story is, of course, the principal attraction. It is intense in mystery and contains some remarkable detective exploits. The author is Jack Bechdolt, and the story is entitled

"THE BRASS VOICE"

Most of our readers know what an entertaining author Mr. Bechdolt is. His stories are of that gripping quality that forces you to read them without a pause. As we know how good this story is, we cannot urge you too strongly not to miss reading it.

Next, we are going to publish the following shorter stories:

"At Gertie's Suggestion"
By Gilbert Hammond

"A Water-proof Clue"
By J. B. Warrenton

"The Pearl of Great Price"
By Capt. Arthur W. Beer

"The Square Deceivers"
By Carl G. Hodges

All of these stories are full of pep, cover a diversity of subjects, and were written by authors who thoroughly understand how to please their readers.

Edgar Daniel Kramer's serial, "When a Man's Dead," will be finished, and there will be the splendid article from Carl H. Getz:

"The Menace of Forgery"

The usual large number of short items will fill the smaller spaces in the magazine. In short, the next issue will be one of the best we ever published, and we hope you will make it a point to get a copy.

THE EDITOR.

MRS. DEANE'S JEWELS

by Beatrice S. Luisi

ONE evening in the early part of November Geoffrey Lawrence sat before the cheerful log fire in his "den" busily engaged in the congenial task of cleaning a shotgun. Beside him on a chair rested another shotgun and a Winchester rifle. On the library table back of him, reflecting the mellow light of the shaded electric bulbs from its blue steel barrel, was a heavy calibre Colt revolver, while beside it lay numerous cartridges and shells. Geoffrey hummed softly to himself as he worked, and every now and then smiled as if in pleased anticipation of something.

A sound of quick steps in the hall outside and the door was opened by a woman. She was dressed in a dark-brown corduroy hunting suit, with heavy high-laced tan boots.

"How does it look, dear?" she asked as Geoffrey turned at the sound of her entrance. Then, without waiting for his answer: "Isn't it perfectly stunning?"

"It certainly looks good. How does it fit?"

"Perfectly."

"That sheepskin lining ought to make it warm."

"As warm as toast. Thank you so much for it, dear."

Geoffrey leaned back in his chair and looked with pleased eyes at the young woman in front of him. This was something like.

"Are you satisfied?"

"More than satisfied."

She came to him where he sat before the fire and, seating herself on the arm of his chair, slipped her arms about his neck.

"I do hope you'll enjoy this vacation, dear. You've been looking forward to it for such a long time."

"It seems to me you've been looking forward to it as much as I have," laughed Geoffrey as he pinched her cheek.

"Well, why shouldn't I? We had to stay in the city all summer because you were too busy to take a vacation, and now to get a whole month in the Adirondacks, hunting and climbing and doing just as we please. It's worth looking forward to, isn't it?"

"You bet it is. We're going to have the best time we ever had. Beginning to-morrow, when the train leaves, I'm going to forget all about business."

"No, beginning to-night. Right now."

"All right, beginning to-night."

A telephone rang sharply in an adjoining room. Presently a knock sounded on the door of the "den," and a trim maid entered.

"Mr. Warner on the telephone, sir."

"Oh, I do hope it is nothing important!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence.

"It must be, or the general manager himself would not call me up to-night."

Geoffrey left the room, and his wife rose to her feet and slowly took off her hunting coat, anxiously watching the door for her husband's return.

In a short time he re-entered the room. The pleased smile was gone from his face, and a weary, drawn look was there in its stead.

"I'm afraid we'll have to put off our trip, sweetheart."

"We can't," Mrs. Lawrence exclaimed, hot tears of disappointment springing to her eyes. "You've got to have a rest or you'll break down. The doctor said so. You know he did."

"I know," Geoffrey answered, "but it can't be helped."

"It must be helped. What is it that is more important than your health?" Angrily she winked back her tears.

Geoffrey smiled affectionately at her. He knew her disappointment was more on his account than her own.

"Mrs. Brockton Deane has been robbed of about fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. You know how prominent and influential Mr. Deane is, and Mr. Warner desires me to interview him personally."

"But Mr. Warner himself said you could have a month's vacation when you told him you were going hunting for two weeks."

"Yes, he said he was sorry; and asked me to interview Mr. Deane to-night and then to use my own judgment as to whether I could turn the case over to one of the men to manage or not."

"I know what that means. You'll go down there, get interested in the case, and not leave it until you have wound it up. Well, I suppose the only thing to do is to hope that you will break it in a short time."

"That's the way to look at it, little girl. Now tell Hilda to get my hat and coat. I'll be home as soon as possible."

Mrs. Lawrence rang for the maid.

"Get Mr. Lawrence's hat and coat. He is going out."

When the maid returned Geoffrey slipped into his coat and, pausing for a minute in the doorway with his hat in his hand, turned to his wife.

"When this case is ended we'll go on our hunting trip, sure thing."

"All right, dear," smiled his wife. "Let us hope it ends soon."

The door closed after him, and his wife returned slowly to the chair before the fireplace. She smiled rather sadly at the guns resting near. She was terribly disappointed, but seven years married to the chief investigator of one of the largest burglary insurance companies in the world had taught her to accept disappointment philosophically.

"Business before pleasure," was one of Geoffrey's mottoes, and his wife had accepted it as a matter of course.

When Geoffrey Lawrence, a celebrated detective, arrived at the home of Brockton Deane in answer to a phone call, he was ushered into the library, where Mr. and Mrs. Deane awaited him. Mr. Deane seemed nervous and worried, but Mrs. Deane was calm, and her greeting to Geoffrey lacked nothing of that sweet graciousness of manner which had made her famous as a hostess.

"I've been robbed of $50,000 worth of jewelry, and it has quite upset me, Mr. Lawrence," declared Mr. Deane as soon as they were all comfortably seated. "It is very mysterious."

"When did you first discover the loss?"

"About noon to-day Mrs. Deane phoned to my office and informed me that several of her most valuable jewels had been stolen while we slept."

"Then it was Mrs. Deane who discovered the robbery?"

"Yes."

"Tell me all the facts just as they occurred," said Geoffrey, turning to Mrs. Deane.

Without hesitation, and as if she had expected just such a request, Mrs. Deane began.

"About three o'clock yesterday afternoon I returned home from Tuxedo Park, where

I had spent two weeks as the guest of my friend, Mrs. Frederick Leslie.

"About four o'clock my trunks arrived, and my maid unpacked them. One of these trunks contained some of the jewelry which was stolen. The maid placed the jewelry in a drawer of the dresser in my bedroom, where all my jewelry which is not in the safe is kept.

"I had my dinner sent up to my room.

"It must have been eight o'clock when I sent the butler to the drugstore for a bromo-seltzer, as I was feeling a trifle ill. At eleven o'clock I went to bed."

"Were you in your room from the time your trunks arrived until you retired for the night?" Geoffrey inquired.

"Yes. I was tired from the trip, and my head ached slightly. That was why I sent the butler for a bromo-seltzer when he came to take away the tray. My maid was with me all afternoon until my dinner arrived; then I sent her away and did not call her again until shortly before eleven, when I needed her for a few minutes."

"You say you retired about eleven o'clock. Did you hear anything during the night?"

"Absolutely nothing. I went to sleep almost immediately, and slept very soundly until nine this morning, when I awakened with a frightful headache and a sensation of having been drugged while I slept. My diamond engagement ring, which I always wear, was gone from my finger, and my finger was bruised, as if the thief had forcibly torn the ring off. Look! You can see for yourself."

"It is an outrage!" exclaimed Mr. Deane.

"What other valuables were stolen?" Geoffrey asked.

"All the jewelry which was in the drawer of the dresser."

"Was the drawer locked?"

"I—I couldn't say. My maid put away the jewelry when she unpacked it."

"Does she generally lock the drawer?"

"I couldn't say."

"Could I trouble you to let me look at the dresser, Mrs. Deane?"

"Certainly you may look at it, but there is not the slightest mark on it. It does not appear to have been forced open."

"Nevertheless I would like to see it, and also look about the room."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Deane hastily, and he rang for the butler.

"Show this gentleman to Mrs. Deane's room," he ordered when the butler appeared, adding as if in an afterthought, "And be sure to answer any questions he may ask you."

"Very well, sir."

The butler led Geoffrey up the stairs, along a softly lighted hall, and to the room occupied by Mrs. Deane as a bedroom.

He opened the door and stood aside respectfully for Geoffrey to enter.

"Do you wish me to remain, sir?"

"Just a few minutes. What is your name?"

"Burns, sir. John Burns."

"How long have you been in Mr. Deane's employ?"

"Two years, sir."

"You were here yesterday when Mrs. Deane returned from Tuxedo Park, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me exactly everything you did from the time Mrs. Deane's trunks arrived at four o'clock yesterday until this morning, when the loss of the jewels was discovered."

"You don't suspect me, sir, I hope?" asked Burns nervously.

"I'm not wasting time suspecting anybody. I want facts. Now tell me what you did."

"Well, sir, when the trunks arrived I showed the expressman where to put them. Then I saw that the footman cleaned the table silver, and after that I prepared the dining-room for dinner. Mr. Deane had two gentlemen to dine with him. At six o'clock I served the dinner. The gentlemen retired to the smoking-room about eight o'clock, and I took their coffee in there to them. Then I returned to the kitchen. Katy, Mrs. Deane's maid, was feeling very tired, so I went upstairs to Mrs. Deane's room to get her tray. She told me to go to the drugstore for a bromo-seltzer. When I returned I took down the tray. Mrs. Deane told me to tell Katy she would not need her until eleven o'clock. I told Katy,

and as the gentlemen downstairs had left and I would not be needed again, she and I went to a moving picture show. When I came home I went to bed, and that's all I knew until Katy told us all this morning that Mrs. Deane's jewelry was stolen."

"Did Mr. or Mrs. Deane give you and the maid permission to go out?"

"No, sir, but all the servants go out now and then whenever they are not needed. Mr. and Mrs. Deane never object so long as we are here when we are wanted."

"I see. I thought you said the maid was tired. Why did she go out with you then?"

"Well, you see, sir, we're engaged to be married, and we hadn't seen each other for two weeks."

"I understand. When you came up after Mrs. Deane's tray did you enter the room?"

"No, sir. When I knocked Mrs. Deane asked who it was without opening the door, and I said: 'Burns, madam. I came for your tray.' Then she told me to go to the drugstore and get her a bromo-seltzer."

"You say she did not open the door when she spoke to you."

"No, sir."

"Then you don't know whether Mrs. Deane was alone or not?"

"No, sir. But I should think she was alone, for Mr. Deane was downstairs with the gentlemen, and the servants were all in the kitchen."

"No one could have come to visit Mrs. Deane without your knowing it?"

"No, sir. I always answer the door."

"When you returned with the bromo-seltzer did Mrs. Deane open the door for you?"

"No, sir. She just told me to 'come in.' She was lying on the lounge and told me to put the package on the dresser and take away the tray."

"Did you touch the dresser drawer when you put the package down?"

"No, sir."

"You are quite sure your hand did not touch it accidentally?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Mrs. Deane did not tell you to open the drawer to get anything for her?"

"No, sir. If she had wanted anything she would have rung for the maid."

"That is all, Burns. You may go now."

When the butler had left the room Geoffrey proceeded to examine it carefully. There was nothing to show that a robbery had been committed.

He then turned his attention to the dresser.

There were several valuable toilet articles on it, which for some reason or other had not been stolen. They were worth taking, and no ordinary burglar would overlook them.

As Mrs. Deane had said there were absolutely no marks to show that the drawer had been forced open; either Katy, the maid, had left it unlocked, or the burglar had used a key.

Drawing a small magnifying-glass from his pocket, Geoffrey proceeded to carefully examine the lock and polished surface of the drawer and also the inside of the front of the drawer. Several well-defined finger-marks were plainly to be seen on the inside.

Satisfied for the time being, Geoffrey descended to the library, where Mrs. Deane was waiting for him, as gracious and composed as when she had first received him.

"Mr. Deane begs that you will excuse him, but he was obliged to go to the club."

"Certainly," said Geoffrey, then added: "May I use your telephone, Mrs. Deane?"

"There is one behind that screen," Mrs. Deane answered, pointing to a beautiful lacquered screen in a corner.

"Thank you."

Geoffrey went to the telephone and called a number.

"Is that you, Cummings?" he asked of the voice which answered.

"Yes. Is that you, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I am at the home of Mr. Deane, No. —— Fifth avenue. I want you to bring the fingerprint outfit here at once. I'll wait here for you."

"Yes, sir. I'll be down right away."

"Good-by," said Geoffrey, and he hung up the receiver.

"I couldn't help hearing what you said, Mr. Lawrence," said Mrs. Deane when

Geoffrey rejoined her. "Have you found any fingerprints?"

"Yes. On the inside of the drawer."

"Do you really believe in their infallibility as an identification?"

"Most assuredly. Centuries ago they were used by the Chinese and the East Indians, but it is only in comparatively recent years that their infallibility has been known and made use of in our own country and in Europe."

"Of course I have heard of fingerprints, Mr. Lawrence, but I never really considered them infallible. I thought it just a fad of the police department."

"Not at all. The police are not the only ones who have adopted fingerprints. Many banks now use the fingerprint as well as the signature. A signature can be forged, but a fingerprint cannot be duplicated."

"It really is wonderful! And you expect to catch the thief by his fingerprints?"

"I shall at least discover whether those fingerprints belong to any one in your household. Then I can pursue any course I find necessary."

"But perhaps those fingerprints were made by either my maid, Katy, or myself."

"We can easily determine that by comparison of the fingerprints on the drawer and those which I shall take of every one in the house."

"Are you really going to take the fingerprints of all the servants?"

"With your permission. Also those of Mr. Deane and yourself."

"Mr. Deane and myself! Why, surely you don't think that either Mr. Deane or I would steal the jewels!" exclaimed Mrs. Deane nervously.

"Certainly not," Geoffrey answered, looking keenly at her. "There is no reason why you should do such a thing."

"No, no, of course not," Mrs. Deane replied, quickly regaining her well-bred composure. Then, as if to change the subject:

"Will your man be here soon?"

"I expect him any minute now," Geoffrey answered, glancing at his watch. "He hasn't very far to come."

"Of course you will find both Katy's fingerprints and mine on the dresser drawer."

"Yes, I expect to, but I expect also to find fingerprints which do not belong to either you or the maid."

"And you think they will belong to the burglar?"

"That I am not prepared to say. Oh! that is probably my man," as a bell pealed softly through the house and Burns went to answer it.

A few minutes later the butler announced "Mr. Cummings," and at Mrs. Deane's order Cummings was shown at once into the library.

He was a middle-aged man of alert but dignified appearance. Except that his coat was a trifle threadbare and his hands rather worn, as if from hard work, he might have passed for a successful retired business man. He in no way resembled the popular conception of a detective.

Having gravely acknowledged Mrs. Deane's greeting, Cummings spread out upon the library table the usual fingerprint paraphernalia.

"Now, Mrs. Deane," said Geoffrey, turning to that lady, "we are going upstairs to your room to see those fingerprints again. Will you kindly have your maid remove everything from the dresser drawer?"

Mrs. Deane rang for her maid, and when she arrived told her to remove everything from the drawer in which the jewels had been kept, adding laughingly to Geoffrey that she herself would go with him to watch. as she was very much interested.

Upstairs in the bedroom Cummings produced a bottle of grayish-white powder and a small camera which he had brought with him from the library. He handed the bottle to Geoffrey, who very carefully sprinkled a small quantity of the powder on the inside surface of the drawer and then as carefully spread it with a camel's-hair brush. Gradually several fingerprints appeared on the polished surface, clearly defined by the grayish-white powder. Having brushed away all superfluous powder, Geoffrey carefully examined the fingerprints through his small magnifying-glass.

"Perfect," he remarked with satisfaction, passing the glass to Cummings. "See for yourself."

Cummings in turn examined the prints, and in turn smiled his satisfaction.

"They show up beautifully, chief."

"They certainly do. Now photograph them, and we'll go downstairs."

Cummings quickly photographed the prints, and the party returned at once to the library.

"Mrs. Deane," said Geoffrey, "I have one more favor to ask of you. I know it is very late, but I want to get the fingerprints of all the servants to-night so that no time may be lost."

"Very well, Mr. Lawrence," agreed Mrs. Deane, and she rang for the butler.

"Burns, tell all the servants to come at once to the library," she said to that worthy. Then when Burns had gone to do her bidding she turned hastily to Geoffrey.

"Perhaps you had better let them see you take my fingerprints first," she remarked, "otherwise they may think they are accused of theft and be resentful."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Deane. That is an excellent plan."

Steps sounded in the hall, and the servants entered, headed by Burns, the butler. Their faces expressed varying degrees of nervousness and curiosity, according to their different dispositions.

When the last servant had entered Geoffrey nodded slightly to Cummings, who immediately slipped unobserved from the room.

"Now, Mrs. Deane," Geoffrey smiled, "we will begin with you."

Mrs. Deane rose from her chair and glided gracefully to the table.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"We'll take each of your fingers in turn, beginning with the thumb. Place it on this ink pad so, now on this white paper. Ah! That is exactly the way I want it. A perfect fingerprint. Now the other fingers. Very good indeed. That is all, Mrs. Deane. Thank you."

Mrs. Deane returned to her chair and Geoffrey turned to the servants.

"I have just taken Mrs. Deane's fingerprints. You see how it is done. Now I want to take all your fingerprints. You first, Burns."

There was a slight murmur among the servants, but Burns stepped promptly to the table.

Very carefully Geoffrey took his fingerprints as he had done those of Mrs. Deane. When Burns had been successfully disposed of Geoffrey proceeded with the other servants in turn. Just as he finished Cummings slipped into the room as quietly and unobtrusively as he had slipped out.

"That will do," Geoffrey said to the servants.

"You may go now," added Mrs. Deane, and they filed out of the room.

"I am sorry to have kept you up so late and taken up so much of your time, Mrs. Deane," said Geoffrey, glancing at his watch. "It is midnight now."

"I had no idea it was so late. But don't worry about having taken up my time. I've had an intensely interesting evening. It was quite thrilling to have my fingerprints taken. I am really sorry you are not going to do something else."

"Not to-night. I am sorry I could not get Mr. Deane's fingerprints, but to-morrow will do just as well."

"You won't have to wait until to-morrow," said a pleasant voice, and looking up they saw Mr. Deane standing in the doorway.

"I'm right here. What's it all about?"

"I've had the most interesting evening, Brockton," Mrs. Deane exclaimed. "Mr. Lawrence has been telling me about fingerprints, and every one in the house has been printed. Now he wants your fingerprints."

"Well, I suppose if he has got every one else's he might as well get mine. But what's the idea?"

"I have found fingerprints on the inside of the dresser drawer in which the jewels were kept," Geoffrey exclaimed, "and I want to find out if they belong to any one in the household. As I understand it, no one has any occasion to touch that drawer except Mrs. Deane and the maid, Katy. You have not touched it, Mr. Deane, have you?"

"No. I never even go near it."

"Then I don't suppose those prints are

yours. Still, if you don't mind, I'd like to have your fingerprints, anyhow."

"Certainly."

Mr. Deane advanced to the table, regarding the fingerprint outfit curiously.

Geoffrey explained to him how the prints were made and helped him to obtain a good impression on the white paper.

"I read 'Puddin'-head Wilson' when I was a boy, and thought it was a great book, but I never took that fingerprint business seriously. Is it positively established that no two people have the same fingerprints?"

"Positively."

"That's a great idea. Do you know, I should think it could be used in banks."

Mrs. Deane laughed.

"Why, Brockton, Mr. Lawrence says it is already used."

"Yes, in some of our Western banks," said Geoffrey.

"You don't say so. It's a great scheme."

Mrs. Deane rang for the butler to bring refreshments while Mr. Deane asked questions about fingerprints.

The refreshments were brought, and Mr. Deane continued to ask questions until one o'clock in the morning, when Geoffrey and Cummings finally made their escape.

Outside a myriad of stars sparkled in a clear and frosty sky. It was a silent, glorious night with no wind.

Geoffrey drew his hand wearily across his brow, then glanced up at the sky and sighed deeply. Dimly he seemed to remember a verse which described that sky—

> "And spangled heavens a starry flame,
> The Great Original proclaim."

Yes, that was what the sky looked like, millions of beautiful, glittering spangles on a deep, dark blue background.

He drew in a deep breath and turned to his companion.

"Let's walk a few blocks. My head aches and the fresh air may do it some good. We can talk better here than in the subway."

They turned and walked north up Riverside Drive. For a time they walked in silence, then Geoffrey asked:

"Did you search all the servants' rooms?"

"Yes."

"What did you find?"

"Nothing except this."

Cummings drew from his pocket a small purple velvet jewel box. The box was lined with white velvet, and when Cummings opened it the impression of a piece of jewelry, evidently a pendant, was plainly to be seen on the white velvet.

"Where did you find it?"

"Under the bed in the maid Katy's room."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, all."

Geoffrey took the purple velvet jewel case from Cummings, and having examined it carefully, slipped it into his pocket.

"I shall interview Katy to-morrow morning," he said; then, remembering the time, laughed. "I should say later on this morning. Well, I think we have done all we can to-night. Let's make for the subway."

They turned east off the Drive.

"How is your little girl?" Geoffrey asked presently.

"Much better, thank you, chief. The specialist said the operation was very successful. You don't know how grateful my wife and I are to you for lending us that money for the specialist. I'll pay it back just as soon as ever I can. I'd be glad if you would take some out of my salary every month."

"That's all right, Cummings. I know you will pay it back as soon as you can, but wait until the first of the year before you begin taking anything out of your salary. Perhaps I may be able to get you an increase then."

"You are awfully good, chief," Cummings answered, turning his head aside to hide the suspicious moisture in his eyes. "It means a lot to us."

"You deserve an increase in salary or I would not recommend you for it," Geoffrey said rather sharply.

"Yes, I know, chief. Thank you just the same."

At the subway they separated, one to go north, the other to go south.

When Geoffrey reached home he found all the rooms in darkness with the exception of one, that one in which he had been cheerfully preparing for a hunting trip. He

knew he would find his wife waiting for him and went there at once. She rose to greet him as soon as he came in.

All signs of preparation for the trip had vanished. The room had been set to rights and all guns and ammunition were out of sight.

"I see you have had everything put away."

"Yes, dear. I knew when you were not home by ten or eleven o'clock that the case was one that could not be finished in a few hours, and I knew without being told that you would not leave the case until it was finished.

"Yes, I am afraid our trip will have to be postponed," sighed Geoffrey wearily.

"It is too bad, dear, but you had better go to bed now. You have only a few hours to sleep as it is."

"Yes, and I expect to be very busy tomorrow."

Thinking regretfully of his lost vacation, Geoffrey snapped off the light and followed his wife upstairs.

Eight o'clock next morning found Geoffrey at the Deane home. Mrs. Deane had not yet risen, but Burns informed him that she had left word for the servants to answer any questions Geoffrey might ask and to help him in every way possible.

This arrangement suited Geoffrey exactly, as he intended to interview each one of the servants privately. He had told Cummings the night before to develop the finger-print photos, and as soon as completed to bring them to him at the Deane home. The interviewing of the servants would probably occupy him all morning, if not longer, and Cummings would arrive before he had finished.

"Is there any one in the library, Burns?" Geoffrey asked.

"No, sir."

"Very well, I shall go in there. Send Katy to me. When Mr. Cummings comes bring him to me at once."

"Very well, sir," murmured Burns, and turned as if to go. Then in a nervous, hesitating manner: "You wish me to send Katy to you now, sir?"

"Certainly; I shall be in the library. Tell her to hurry, as I have no time to waste this morning."

"Very good, sir."

Burns departed on his errand, and Geoffrey stepped into the library. Only a short time elapsed before Katy entered the room.

"You wish to speak to me, sir?"

"Yes," Geoffrey said. "Sit down."

He pointed to a chair facing the window, and the girl sank into it. Geoffrey then seated himself opposite to her, his back to the light.

The girl's manner was a strange mixture of nervousness and defiance.

"What is your name?"

"Kathleen Reagan."

"How long have you been in Mrs. Deane's employ?"

"About six years, sir."

"Has Mrs. Deane ever missed anything before?"

"No, indeed, sir." Katy's confidence was growing.

"Are you perfectly sure that you packed the missing jewelry in the trunk before you left Tuxedo Park with Mrs. Deane?"

"Perfectly sure, sir. I am a very careful packer. Mrs. Deane herself saw me put them in the tray."

"Did you lock the trunk at once?"

"Yes, sir, and none too soon, for the maid was knocking at the door to say that the expressmen had come for the trunks."

"When the trunks arrived here the afternoon you and Mrs. Deane returned from Tuxedo Park, you unpacked them, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you certain that all the jewelry was there?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely. Every piece was there, and I put them all away in the dresser drawer and shut it. I am absolutely positive of that."

"Did you lock the drawer?"

"No, sir. I hardly ever lock it."

"How long did it take you to unpack?"

"About an hour and a half, sir."

"What did you do then?"

"I stayed with Mrs. Deane until about six o'clock, when her dinner was sent up to

her, then I went down to the servants' dining-room and had something to eat. I was very tired, and when it was time to get Mrs. Deane's tray, John, that's the butler, went for me. It was quite a while before he came back, and when he did he told me Mrs. Deane would not need me until eleven o'clock. Then John and I went to the movies."

"Is that all?"

"John and I came home a little before eleven, and as soon as I had taken off my hat and coat and put on my cap and apron, I went to Mrs. Deane's room. Poor lady, she was so tired and nervous after her trip. I helped her undress and then went to bed myself."

"What time was it when you left Mrs. Deane?"

"About half-past eleven, or maybe a little later."

"You went to bed at once?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure you did not go to Mrs. Deane's room again?"

"Certainly not, sir. I never do after I say good-night."

"Was it you or Mrs. Deane who discovered that the jewelry had been stolen?"

"It was Mrs. Deane. About nine the next morning she rang for me, and when I went to her she showed me her finger where her diamond ring had been pulled off, and told me the jewelry had been stolen from the drawer. We looked everywhere, and then Mrs. Deane telephoned to Mr. Deane."

Geoffrey drew the purple velvet jewel case from his pocket, opened it, and showed it to the girl.

"Did you ever see this before?"

The girl examined it, and then said in surprise:

"Why, sir, it's the case in which Mrs. Deane kept her diamond and sapphire pendant, the one that was stolen."

"How do you know?"

"This little bit of white ribbon is frayed, and besides I can see the impression of the pendant."

"When did you see this box last?"

"When I put it in the dresser drawer after taking it out of the trunk."

"You are very sure you have not seen it since then."

"Not until this very minute, sir."

"Do you know where this box was found?"

"No, sir."

"Last night, while you and the other servants were in here, my man found this box in your room under your bed."

"Under my bed," gasped the girl, "but—but, sir, how can that be?"

"That is what I want you to tell me," said Geoffrey quietly.

"But I can't sir! Indeed I can't!" cried the girl, beginning to sob in a frightened, hysterical manner.

"Now, Katy," said Geoffrey, not unkindly, "tell me the truth. I'll find out everything, anyhow, so you might just as well tell me yourself."

"Indeed there is nothing for me to tell. I never saw the box after I put it in the drawer until this very minute, when you showed it to me. I don't know how it came under my bed."

"Are you telling me the truth, Katy?"

"Indeed I am, sir!" cried the girl, raising her tear-filled eyes to his. "I hope to die if I'm not."

Something in the girl's manner convinced Geoffrey that she was indeed telling the truth, and she really did not know how the box got into her room.

"You believe me, sir, don't you?" sobbed Katy.

"Yes, Katy, I believe you, but I want you to help me. Some one dropped that box in your room, and I mean to find out who it was. Did you hear any one in your room that night?"

"No, sir. I am a very sound sleeper."

"When you woke up in the morning did you notice anything strange?"

"No, sir—well, that is, nothing to amount to anything."

"What did you notice that was strange?"

"Why, when I went to bed I shut the window, except about three inches at the top, and when I woke up in the morning the window was wide open from the bottom."

"You are certain that you did not leave it open like that when you went to bed."

"I never leave the window open from the bottom, and even if I did, surely I wouldn't leave it open all the way, especially on such a cold night."

"Did you notice anything else strange? Mrs. Deane says she woke up with a violent headache and a feeling as if she had been drugged. Did you have any such feeling?"

"No, sir; I felt fine, except a little cold from the window being open so wide."

"Did you notice anything else, Katy?"

"No, sir, nothing at all."

"Mr. Cummings to see you, sir," said Burns, at this moment appearing in the doorway.

"Bring him in here at once," said Geoffrey.

"That will do, Katy," he added as Cummings entered the room; "you may go now, but if I were you I would not talk to any one about what you have told me, not even to Burns."

"No, sir," answered Katy and, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, left the room.

"Well, what luck, Cummings?" said Geoffrey.

"The best ever, chief. The photographs turned out perfectly."

"Have you compared them with the prints I took last night?"

"Yes. There are fingerprints of the maid, Katy, and of Mrs. Deane, just as we expected there would be, and besides them there is another set, evidently those of a man."

"Do they correspond with any of the prints I took?"

"Not in the least. I compared them very carefully."

"Let me see them."

Cummings handed Geoffrey the photograph of the fingerprints on the drawer and the sheet containing the fingerprints of Mr. and Mrs. Deane and the servants taken by Geoffrey the night before.

Geoffrey carefully examined both papers.

"Not the least resemblance," he finally declared. "Cummings, these are the fingerprints of an entirely different individual, some one we have not yet seen. It's up to us to find this man, and I believe when we do we stand a good chance of recovering Mrs. Deane's jewels."

"It looks that way, chief."

"You bet it does. However, I shall question the rest of the servants."

When the servants were interviewed they were unable to throw any further light upon the robbery, and Geoffrey decided to waste no further time upon them, but to start to find the man whose fingerprints appeared on the inside of the dresser drawer.

This first move on leaving the Deane house was to go to the office of the express company that had brought Mrs. Deane's trunks from Tuxedo Park. The superintendent was an acquaintance of Geoffrey's, and he readily agreed to let the detective talk to the men who had delivered the trunks at the Deane residence.

They were straightforward, honest-appearing young fellows who answered all questions put to them without hesitation or nervousness.

They had delivered the trunks at the front entrance, where they had been scolded by the butler for not taking them to the side door. He had finally let them place the trunks in the reception hall. He then paid them and they left.

"Didn't you carry the trunks upstairs?"

"No, sir. We left them in the lower hall, and were darn glad to do it, too, for they were big and heavy."

"Were the trunks opened before you left?"

"No. We beat it right away for fear he would tell us to carry the trunks upstairs."

"Did you see any one go into the house while you were delivering the trunks."

"No, sir. No one."

"Did you see any one loitering around?"

"Come to think of it, we did, sir," said one of the men, "I did. Remember that swell-looking guy who asked you for a match, Jack?"

"Sure I do. I thought he had a date with some one in the house and was waitin' for 'em to come out."

"Could you describe him to me?" Geoffrey asked.

"I guess I could. The man was a good-looker, all right, tall and dark, with big

brown eyes, and clean-shaven. He was about as tall as you, sir, only thinner, and he had on a light-gray suit, one of these new pinch-back affairs, and gray gloves, black patent-leather shoes and a soft gray hat. Oh, he was a regular guy, all right. I sized him up good, because I'm thinking of getting a new suit myself, and I want to be sure I'm getting the right style."

"Thank you," Geoffrey smiled. "That is a very good description."

"Come to think of it," the expressman mused, "we didn't see him when we left the house. I guess he didn't have a date, after all."

"You say he was gone when you left the house?"

"Yes. I forgot all about him while we were having the argument with the butler, but coming down the steps I thought I'd like to have another look at his suit, but he had vanished."

"You didn't see where he went?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you," said Geoffrey again, tipping them both. "I hope your new suit turns out as good as his."

"I wish it would, sir," grimaced the man. "I forgot to say he smoked cigarettes out of a gold cigarette case."

Geoffrey laughed as he turned away.

"Our young friend's aspirations to style may prove a great help to us, Cummings. He gave us a very good description. Now the thing is to find the man from the description."

"Have you a plan, chief."

"Yes, Cummings. I want you, without causing any surprise or speculation, to get a list of the outgoing telephone calls from the Deane home since Mrs. Deane's return. Then I want you to trace those calls and find out who the people were that phoned."

"I will," agreed Cummings as he caught Geoffrey's idea. "You think some one in the house called that fellow up?"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised. Anyhow, it won't hurt to find out. Now go ahead. I'm going down to the office to attend to something there."

They separated, and Geoffrey returned to the office which he had left the day before with such pleasant anticipations.

He had been busy for about an hour when his telephone rang and Cummings's voice spoke to him over the wire.

"I have the list, sir."

"Did you just get it?"

"Yes, I was delayed a little. The city detectives are here, and they were busy with Katy and Burns when I arrived."

"Well, what have they found out from them?"

"They want to arrest them for stealing the jewelry."

"Is that so!"

"Yes. They've frightened the maid into hysterics, and the butler is all in, too. Mrs. Deane is dreadfully upset about it. If it hadn't been for her and Mr. Deane, the detectives would have taken the maid and butler to the station-house right away, but Mrs. Deane vouched for their trustworthiness, and Mr. Deane promised to produce them any time they were wanted, so finally the detectives went off without them."

"What's their idea in arresting those two in particular?"

"They say the butler drugged the bromo-seltzer he gave to Mrs. Deane, and that when she was unconscious he and the maid stole the jewelry."

"Why do they include the maid?"

"Because she and the butler are engaged."

"Did you tell them about the finger-prints?"

"Yes, I showed them to them, and they said that, anyhow, the maid's prints were there and the other fellow must be an accomplice. They said there was plenty of time to get the accomplice; all they had to do was to break down either the maid or the butler, and they would tell who he was."

"Well, that's one of the things in which I don't agree with them. Have you started to trace up the phone calls?"

"I am just starting out."

"Good luck. Have your report ready when I get back from Tuxedo Park. I start for there first thing in the morning."

"All right, chief. Good luck."

Geoffrey sat in the smoking-room of the

Country Club at Tuxedo Park. Opposite him was an old college friend, a member of the club, who was speaking.

"What are you up to, anyhow, Jeff?"

"I told you before I am trying to find Mrs. Deane's jewels, which almost every one knows from reading the papers have been stolen. They are heavily insured in my company, and it is part of my job to save the company's money. The last time Mrs. Deane wore the jewels was at the Grayson ball, which you also attended. You say you saw and spoke to Mrs. Deane, but that she left very early. Now I want you to tell me what you are keeping back."

The friend hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Jeff. I know you are not asking out of idle curiosity, and I know you won't gossip. The Graysons, as perhaps you know, are the most conservative in our set, and their affairs are absolutely the most exclusive things imaginable. Absolutely no one is asked to call on them who is not known very well to the Graysons and to practically every one else. Naturally a new face is something of a surprise, especially if the newcomer is not introduced to any one, and is not known even to the hostess."

"Is that what happened?"

"Yes. I had just finished dancing with Mrs. Deane, and we were standing near the alcove talking to the little Grayson girl and Mort Tyler, when Mort exclaimed:

"Hello! Who is that chap standing near the door. I don't remember ever having seen him before. Who is he, Gertie?"

We all glanced in the direction of the door, and Gertie Grayson answered.

"Neither did I ever see him before, and I am sure mother did not invite any one new. He is the most stunningly handsome man I ever set eyes on. I am going to ask mother about him."

"At this moment I happened to look at Mrs. Deane and was startled at her appearance. She was as white as a sheet and was staring with dilated eye at the man near the door. Just then the man spoke to a servant who was passing. The servant nodded as if in reply to what the man had said, and the man immediately left the room. In a few minutes it was evident that the servant was making his way toward us. I tried to keep up a conversation, and Gertie Grayson and Mort Tyler joined me, but Mrs. Deane seemed unable to take her eyes off the approaching servant. As I expected, he made his way straight to her side, and I distinctly heard him say: 'Mr. Dale wishes to speak to you in the conservatory, madam.'

"Mrs. Deane excused herself and left the ballroom. She remained away about half an hour, I should think; then she bid good-by to our hostess and went home."

"Is that all?" Geoffrey asked when his friend had finished.

"Yes, except that Mrs. Deane returned to New York next day, when every one expected her to remain at Tuxedo Park for another week."

"Would you mind describing the man?"

"About five feet nine and slightly built. He was certainly handsome and faultlessly dressed. Dark and rather distinguished-looking. I dare say you know the type I mean. Is that all you want to know, old chap?"

"I want to know a whole lot more, but I can't learn it here. I am going to catch the first train back to New York."

"Oh, now that won't do," expostulated Geoffrey's friend. "You've only just come. I want you to stay over a while with me. You can stop at the club, and we'll have some sport here for a few days."

"Sorry, but I haven't the time."

"Oh, a few days won't hurt."

"Why, man," Geoffrey exclaimed somewhat impatiently, "I gave up a month's hunting in the Adirondacks to go on this case. Do you think that a couple of days in dinky little Tuxedo Park is going to tempt me?"

"No, I suppose not," agreed his friend regretfully, "but just the same I wish you could stay over."

"Some other time, but now if you want to be agreeable you'll drive me back to the station in time to catch the next train."

"All right, Geoff."

An hour later Geoffrey was seated in the train on his way back to New York. His investigation at Tuxedo Park had convinced

him that Mrs. Deane had not been thoroughly honest with him, and that she was keeping back something of vital importance for reasons best known to herself.

Cummings, in obedience to a telegram which Geoffrey had sent from Tuxedo Park, was at the station to meet Geoffrey when he stepped from the train. Beyond the usual greetings no time was wasted in words.

"Have you looked up the phone calls, Cummings?"

"Yes. All are persons of good standing except one. That number was the Ritz Hotel, and I have ascertained that the well-dressed man described by the expressmen is stopping at the Ritz. He received a call from a lady on the day and at about the time that a call was registered from the Deane house."

"What is the fellow's name?"

"Martin Dale. He is a man-about-town, apparently in possession of a comfortable income, but without visible means of support."

"Very good, Cummings. I intend to make the acquaintance of Mr. Martin Dale before long, but now I am going directly to the office. I want you to phone Belle Randolph and tell her I need her right away. If you get in touch with her now she ought to reach the office as soon as I do. Now hurry."

Cummings turned away toward the telephone booths with a murmured "All right, chief," and Geoffrey continued on with the crowd toward the entrance.

Outside in the street he entered a nearby stationery store, and after some slight hesitation purchased a glass inkwell, cubicle in shape, with perfectly smooth sides.

Having purchased the inkwell, he slipped it into his bag, left the store and boarded a trolley which took him within a block of his office.

As he entered one of the office boys handed him a card on which appeared the name "Miss Belle Randolph."

"The lady said she would wait downstairs until you sent for her," said the boy.

"All right, send her up now," Geoffrey ordered, and passed into his own little private room.

A few minutes later Belle Randolph was ushered in.

She was a strikingly handsome young woman with pearly white skin and large, lustrous dark eyes. Her glossy black hair was parted in the middle and rippled smoothly down over her ears. Clad in a dark-blue velvet suit which fitted well her dainty figure, and wearing a small toque of the same material as the suit, with a scarlet wing at the left side, her appearance was well calculated to attract more than a passing glance of admiration.

"How are you, Belle?" Geoffrey asked, surveying her with approval.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Lawrence," she answered respectfully in a soft, sweet voice with an unmistakable Southern drawl.

"Sit down and I'll tell you what I want of you."

The young woman seated herself beside Geoffrey's desk and slowly drew off one white kid glove. Her finger nails were polished until they shone, but a shadowy tinge to them betrayed the mixed blood. A close observer would have seen, too, in the whites of the wonderful eyes that same shadowy tinge. The girl was a quadroon, and in spite of her beauty and her pearly white skin, the blood of the African flowed in her veins. However, as has been stated, only a very close observer would have known.

"I am glad you came dressed as you are," Geoffrey commenced without preamble, "because I want you to go at once to the Ritz Hotel. There is a man stopping there named Martin Dale, whose fingerprints I want you to get. He is about five feet nine, slightly built, dark hair and eyes, clean-shaven, and very well dressed.

"Yes, sir," said Belle, making mental note of the description.

"I want you to get acquainted with this man," continued Geoffrey, "in some way or other. Then under some pretext you must get him to touch this."

Here Geoffrey produced the glass inkwell he had purchased on his way from the station and handed it to Belle.

"Be sure it is absolutely clean and free from marks when you hand it to him, and keep your gloves on when you touch it. We don't want your fingermarks mixed in with his."

"I understand," murmured the girl.

"All right, then. Go to the Ritz now and do the best you can. You can report to me here to-morrow morning. Now good luck."

Geoffrey rang for the boy to conduct Belle from the room and then turned his attention to other matters, while the girl proceeded downstairs in the elevator.

Once outside in the street she boarded a surface car which passed the Ritz Hotel. Alighting at the corner, she made her way to the hotel lounge, intending to wait there until Martin Dale should pass, as she felt sure he would, for most of the hotel guests went through the lounge on their way to the restaurant. It was the hour of afternoon tea. She could hear music, and from where she sat could see couples dancing in the cleared space in the centre of the restaurant. Many an admiring glance was cast in her direction, but she kept her manner demurely impersonal.

Suddenly a look of interest flashed into her eyes. Entering the lounge was a man who answered exactly the description given her by Geoffrey Lawrence. To make matters more certain she heard him addressed as Mr. Dale by a man who happened to be passing.

Belle watched Dale covertly, and when he was almost directly opposite her she allowed her dainty velvet handbag to slip to the floor.

Dale stooped at once to recover it, and as he handed it back to her his gaze swept her with undisguised interest and admiration.

"Thank you so much," she murmured with a bewitching smile. "I was watching the dancing and didn't know when it slipped."

"It is so pretty it would be a pity to lose it," answered Dale, nothing loath to seize an opening for conversation with the beautiful stranger.

"Yes, I should hate to lose it," Belle drawled. Then in a slightly worried tone: "I was waiting for a friend to go in to tea, but she seems to be late. I don't know what can be keeping her."

"It's a shame to have to wait here. Suppose you leave word with the attendant that you are in the restaurant; then, if you have no objections, you and I could have something to eat and a dance while waiting for your friend. Now, don't be unkind," he urged as Belle appeared about to refuse. "I am quite harmless."

"But I really ought not to. It is so very unconventional."

Belle's manner was at once demure and inviting.

"Never mind the unconventionality," Dale urged, encouraged by her manner. "We'll pretend we know each other a long time."

"Very well," she agreed laughingly and, rising, walked with him towards the restaurant.

The waiter found them a table in a secluded corner of the room, and Belle ordered tea and muffins.

"Suppose we dance while we are waiting for the order to arrive," suggested Dale.

They stepped out on the floor, and Dale experienced an unaccustomed thrill as he noted the lithe, gliding movements of his partner. Like most people of colored blood, Belle loved to dance, and she danced with a skill and graceful abandon not often seen in Northern climes.

Many eyes followed the handsome couple, and Dale's manner was one of proud possession as he escorted her back to their table. He was quite captivated, and determined not to lose track of this alluring beauty.

The girl rested her little velvet bag carefully on the table. Her exceeding carefulness attracted Dale's attention, as she intended it should.

"That is a pretty bag," he said familiarly. "I don't wonder you are careful about it."

"I am careful about it because I do not wish to break my new inkwell."

"Your inkwell?"

"Yes. See, it is glass."

Belle took the inkwell from the bag, un-

wrapped its tissue-paper covering, and handed it to Dale.

"Why, it is just a plain glass inkwell," he said, turning it over in his hands several times to examine it.

"Yes, it is just plain glass, but it is handy just the same," said Belle, who had been drawing on her gloves while he was examining it. Now she reached out her hand for it, and having taken it, wrapped it very carefully in the tissue-paper and slipped it back in the bag.

"You are not going so soon?" protested Dale as he noted her gloved hands.

"I think I had better. I have been here almost an hour, and my friend has not arrived yet. Something must have prevented her coming. I cannot wait any longer."

"Let me see you home," Dale pleaded.

"No, no. You may get me a taxi, but I will go home alone."

"Just as you wish," Dale replied, mentally determined to follow in another taxi and so learn where she lived.

She intended to slip away and out another entrance of the hotel while Dale was gone for the taxi, but he spoiled this little plan by telling the waiter to have a taxi called and to let them know when it was ready.

Almost immediately the waiter returned with word that the taxi was waiting, and Belle followed Dale outside.

As she stepped into her cab she saw Dale signal to another, and instantly divined that he was going to follow her.

"To the Waldorf," she instructed the chauffeur, "and drive quickly."

Only a few minutes sufficed to bring them to the Waldorf, where Belle stepped quickly out and, handing the chauffeur a bill, hurried into the hotel without waiting for the change. She walked quickly through the hotel and out the Thirty-third street entrance, whence she made her way to the near-by subway station. She walked lightly, and smiled in triumph as she walked, for she had obtained the fingerprints she had set out to get, and had besides successfully outwitted her pursuer.

Promptly at nine o'clock the following morning she was in Geoffrey's office. She found him already seated at his desk busy with some papers.

He greeted her cheerfully.

"Well, what luck, Belle?"

"I have the fingerprints, Mr. Lawrence," Belle answered quietly.

"Good. I thought you would be successful. Let me see them."

Belle handed over the glass inkwell, still carefully wrapped in its tissue-paper.

"Here, Cummings," said Geoffrey to his assistant, who had just entered, "get your fingerprint outfit and see what you make of the prints on this inkwell."

"Dale's?" asked Cummings with some excitement.

"Yes," answered Geoffrey, "Belle got them last night. Show them up and then let me compare them with that photograph we have of the fingerprints on the inside of the drawer."

Cummings was already busy with his outfit, and in a few minutes he handed Geoffrey the inkwell with Dale's fingerprints clearly defined by the grayish white powder and the photographs of the prints on the drawer.

Geoffrey examined both very closely with a magnifying-glass for a few moments, then an exclamation of triumph broke from him.

"Identical, Cummings! Just look!"

Cummings in turn examined the fingerprints.

"They're the very same, all right," he agreed.

"Yes. It is very evident that Martin Dale was in Mrs. Deane's room at some time and opened the drawer. Now, Belle," turning to the younger woman who had been quietly waiting while the fingerprints were examined, "tell me what happened yesterday, and what impression you got of Martin Dale."

Belle Randolph repeated in detail all that had occurred from the time she entered the lounge of the Ritz until she boarded the subway train after having eluded Dale's pursuit.

Geoffrey interrupted her now and then to ask questions, and when she had completed her narrative he smiled and said:

"So our friend is what might be called a lady's man?"

"Yes, sir," Belle replied. "I certainly think you would call him that."

"You carried out your part very well, Belle. I may need you again on this case, but I do not think so. You may go now. If I need you I will let you know."

The girl left the office, and Geoffrey turned to Cummings.

"I am going up to see Mrs. Deane and have a talk with her, Cummings. Meet me outside her house in about two hours. If I am not there wait for me. I am going to break this case before very long."

Geoffrey left his office and hurried to the home of Mrs. Deane. She greeted him with great cordiality and asked him what progress he had been making.

Without answering her question, Geoffrey very gravely said:

"Mrs. Deane, I should like to have a talk with you. Is there any room where we can have absolute privacy and be sure of not being overheard?"

Something in his manner frightened her, and in spite of her trained self-control her fright showed in her face.

"Why, what is the matter?" she stammered.

"I have something to say to you that I am sure you would not care to have any one else hear."

"Very well," she murmured, "we will go to my private sitting-room. We are sure to be undisturbed there."

She turned, and with evident reluctance led the way to a cozy little room at the rear of the house.

"What is it you have to say?" she asked coldly as soon as they had entered.

"This, Mrs. Deane," said Geoffrey sternly. "I have found the man who stole your jewels, and I am convinced that you have known all along who it was who took them. In fact, I may as well tell you candidly that I believe you gave them to him."

A half-stifled scream broke from the woman's lips, and she clutched the arms of her chair until her knuckles showed white.

"How—how dare you?" she managed to gasp, but her face was deathly pale and her eyes terror-stricken.

"I dare because I know I am right."

Geoffrey's tone was quiet and convincing. To Mrs. Deane it sounded like the voice of fate, and she shuddered where she sat.

"Mrs. Deane," said Geoffrey, his manner suddenly kind, "you are in great trouble. Be honest with me. Tell me the truth, and I will try to help you. I do not believe that you are entirely to blame in this matter, but I cannot be of any assistance unless I know all the facts connected with the case. Why did you give those jewels to Martin Dale?"

"Because he demanded more money than I had to give and threatened me with exposure if I did not get it for him in some way."

"Blackmail! I thought as much. Now tell me about it."

By this time Mrs. Deane's long-sustained self-control had given way and she was quietly sobbing, but she told her story simply and clearly.

"About five years ago, I met Martin Dale in Saratoga where I had gone with some friends for the races. Our meeting was unconventional. He was stopping at the same hotel, and some way or other, I hardly know how, we became acquainted. Of course, I should not have acted as I did, but I thought I was in love with him, and he professed to be in love with me. My marriage with Mr. Deane had been a marriage of convenience. I spent a great deal of my time in Saratoga with Martin Dale, and when I returned to New York I wrote him a great many letters. They were love letters in which I poured out my heart to him, for I did not know the kind of man he was, and really thought I loved him. In one of his letters he begged me to leave my husband and elope with him. I answered saying that I would gladly do so, and then he wrote saying that his money was tied up in business in South America, and would I send him a few thousand to stand the immediate expenses of our trip. I foolishly did as he desired, at the same time asking him what arrangements he intended to make for our elopement. I received no answer

to this letter, but a few weeks later, weeks of miserable suspense to me, he visited me here in New York, and demanded more money. I asked him what he had done with that which I had sent him, and what he planned for us to do. Then he laughed at me. Told me he never loved me, never intended to elope with me, and that all he wanted from me was money. I was heart-broken, but even then I did not realize how contemptible a scoundrel he was. I ordered him from the house and told him I never wanted to see his face again. Again he laughed at me, and told me that I would do exactly as he wished, for he had the means to make me. He demanded more money, and when I refused he said he would sell the love letters I wrote to him to Mr. Deane. Then I knew what kind of a man I had to deal with. I was terrified, horror-stricken. I pleaded with him, but it was useless, and in the end I gave him the money he asked for. That was five years ago, and since then, whenever he wanted money he has come to me. My own private fortune, which was never very large, is practically gone, and I have been forced to obtain money from my husband to give to Dale. My husband has argued with me over what he calls my extravagance until I dared not ask him for any more large sums. A short while ago Dale wrote me a letter saying that he was coming to see me. I knew what that meant, and foolishly thinking to avoid him I went to Tuxedo Park. While I was at a ball there he came. How he ever managed to enter the Grayson home I do not know, but he did, and sent word by a servant that he wished to speak to me in the conservatory. When I met him there, he told me as usual that he needed money, and when I said that I had none he told me to get it. 'He didn't care how I got it, but I had better get it.' I left the ball at once, and next day returned to New York, although I had intended to remain longer. Dale must have been watching my movements closely, and known just when I returned to the city. Katy stayed with me from the time I arrived home until six o'clock, when my dinner was sent up to me; then she went downstairs to get her own dinner. She had scarcely left the room when the door opened again and Dale entered. I wanted to scream, but was too frightened. He told me he had slipped in unobserved while the expressmen were arguing with Burns. He had made his way upstairs, and had been waiting hidden in the room next to mine until he heard the maid leave and knew I was alone. I begged him to go, and said that I would try to get the money, but he refused, saying that he would sit there and wait until I gave it to him. When I finally convinced him that I really did not have any money he was very angry and demanded that I give him its equivalent—in other words, that I give him enough of my jewels to make up the amount when he sold them. I refused, and he caught hold of my hand and tried to pull my engagement ring from my finger. That is how my finger was bruised. Just then Burns, the butler, knocked at the door and said he had come for the tray. I sent him for a bromo-seltzer to get rid of him, and when he returned Dale hid behind the curtains while Burns laid the bromo-seltzer on the dresser and took away the tray. When Burns had gone Dale came from his hiding-place and again renewed his demands for my jewels. I finally told him to take them. He would have departed, but Mr. Deane was giving a dinner to some of his friends downstairs, and it was impossible for Dale to leave without being seen. He returned to the room in which he had been hiding before he entered mine and remained until all the servants were asleep. Then I led him through the hall to Katy's room, which has a window opening onto a fire-escape. He opened the window and went down the fire-escape ladder, and I returned to my room. In the morning I told Katy that my jewels had been stolen. I only meant to account for their disappearance, and never thought of their being insured. When Mr. Deane notified your company it was too late to retract what I had said. I had to go through with the deceit."

"Do you realize the consequences of what you have done, Mrs. Deane?"

"Oh, I know it is a criminal offense to

defraud an insurance company, but I had no intention of cheating. I had even forgotten that my jewels were insured. Can you not help me, Mr. Lawrence? I was driven to desperation by that man, and hardly realized what I was doing. I shall kill myself if my disgrace becomes known. Can you not help me?"

"I will try, Mrs. Deane," said Geoffrey gravely. "Are those letters which you wrote to Dale, and which he has kept, the only hold he has upon you?"

"Yes, the only hold, but it is a hold which I cannot, dare not break."

"You have concealed nothing from me?"

"I have told you everything in the hope that you will help me."

"Do you know whether Dale has your letters with him in New York?"

"I believe he has them in his trunk. He said he did."

"Very well, we'll see what can be done. I shall go to see Dale and try to get your jewels from him, or at least find out what he has done with them."

"But the letters! I would rather die than have him send those letters to my husband."

"I believe I can prevent him from doing any such thing, Mrs. Deane. If you have told me the absolute truth there is no need for you to worry."

"I have told you the absolute truth about everything. I have trusted you implicitly."

"Good! The sooner I see Dale the better. Good-by, Mrs. Deane. Next time you hear from me I hope to have some good news for you."

"Good-by," murmured the woman in a choked voice.

On leaving the Deane home, Geoffrey was joined by Cummings, who had been waiting outside in accordance with the detective's orders.

"Anything new, chief?" Cummings asked.

"Yes. Mrs. Deane has confessed to me that she gave the jewels to Dale in payment of blackmail. He has some incriminating letters of hers, and has used them to exact blackmail for the last five years. Now, Cummings, you and I are going to pay this fellow Dale a visit, and we are not going to leave him until we are in possession of those letters and the jewelry, or information as to where we can find the jewels, for I dare say he has parted with some of them to raise money."

Cummings gave a low whistle of surprise.

"So Mrs. Deane confessed that she gave the jewels to Dale! What about that box I found in the maid's room?"

"After the servants were asleep Mrs. Deane led Dale to Katy's room in order that he might go down the fire escape and out through the rear entrance. That accounts for the fact that the window was wide open when Katy was willing to swear she had closed it before going to bed. Dale must have put the pendant in his pocket, and thrown the box under Katy's bed. Perhaps the box would not conveniently fit into his pocket. Anyhow, Dale is the one we are after."

Geoffrey and Cummings hastened immediately to the Hotel Ritz. Neither of them had lunched, but the thought of luncheon under the circumstances never entered their heads. They were eager to meet Dale and force him to yield up both jewels and letters.

In answer to the detectives' inquiry, the hotel clerk, who knew him well, informed him that Martin Dale was in his room.

"What is the number of his room?" Geoffrey asked.

"Number 305," answered the clerk. "Shall I announce you?"

"No, never mind, we are not going up just yet."

They left the clerk and entered the lounge. Once there, and out of sight of the clerk, they sauntered toward the elevators.

"Third," Geoffrey told the starter as they entered a car.

"The car shot up and let them out at the third floor.

"Number 305 is at the end of the hall, on the street side, I believe," murmured Geoffrey, as they walked quietly in that direction. "It is better to take him by surprise than to have the clerk announce us.

Ah! Here it is," and he rapped sharply on a door marked 305.

There was a sound as of some one hastily closing a drawer, then a pleasant masculine voice called:

"Come in."

Closely followed by Cummings, Geoffrey entered the room.

There could be no doubt that the occupant of the room was Martin Dale. The description fitted him exactly. He regarded his visitors with unfeigned surprise.

"Mr. Dale, I believe," said Geoffrey, closing the door behind them.

"Yes. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I would like a few moments of your time. I have something of importance to say to you."

The look of surprise on Dale's face deepened, but his manner remained courteous.

"Very well. I have a few minutes to spare. Please be seated."

Geoffrey advanced into the room and sat down in a chair near the window, his back to the light. A glance had assured him that there was a fire escape outside this window, but not outside the other. Cummings remained standing at the door, his right hand in his pocket, while Dale seated himself near a small table almost directly between the two others.

"May I ask what this important matter is, gentlemen?" inquired Dale.

"Certainly. I have come for Mrs. Deane's jewels."

Dale started violently.

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. It is known that you entered the home of Mr. Brockton Deane, and by threats forced Mrs. Deane to give you her jewels, valued at fifty thousand dollars."

Cold rage showed in Dale's face, and his voice was sneering and venomous when he spoke.

"Did Mrs. Deane tell you this?"

"I am not here to answer questions, Mr. Dale. It makes no difference to you how I know this, the fact remains that I do know it."

Dale laughed mockingly.

"Suppose I deny that I ever entered Mrs. Deane's house, or that I ever saw the jewels? Then the burden of proof rests with you, does it not?"

"All that has already been proved."

"Has it? May I ask how?"

"By the fingerprints which you left on the inside of the dresser drawer in Mrs. Deane's rooms."

"Fingerprints! Come, now, that's a good one! How do you know they are my fingerprints?"

"I obtained an impression of your fingerprints yesterday."

Dale stared in astonishment.

"Yesterday! To the best of my knowledge and belief I never saw either of you until you entered this room today."

"I am quite well aware of that, Mr. Dale, but perhaps you remember a charming young Southern woman with whom you had tea yesterday at this hotel."

"I had tea here yesterday with a young lady of my acquaintance."

"Exactly. And perhaps you remember that that young lady showed you a glass inkwell which she carried in her bag."

Slowly comprehension dawned in Dale's face.

"Do you mean to tell me that beautiful girl in the stunning gown was a female detective?"

"One of my best."

A savage imprecation broke from Dale's lips.

"Who the devil are you, and how many women have you set on my track?"

With a smile Geoffrey handed Dale his card.

"I represent the company that insures Mrs. Deane's jewels. Now I'll trouble you to let me have them."

"And I'll trouble you both to get out of my room," snarled Dale, springing to his feet. "You are not the police and have no warrant for my arrest. Get out or here or I'll have you thrown out."

He was advancing toward the telephone to call for assistance when suddenly he stopped short and stared in horror at Cummings, who had withdrawn his right hand from his coat pocket. The hand held

a business-like Colt, which was pointed directly at Dale's chest.

"How do you know we have no warrant for your arrest?" said Geoffrey evenly.

"Because," Dale answered savagely, but with his eyes still on Cummings, "Mrs. Deane would not dare to have me arrested. I have too strong a hold on her."

"You mean the little matter of the love letters, I suppose. Let me tell you, Dale, this affair has passed entirely out of Mrs. Deane's hands. It is the business of the insurance company now, and do you think for one minute that the company is going to let a little thing like the love letters of a foolish woman prevent them from recovering fifty thousand dollars worth of jewels that they took a risk on, or from arresting you as a common thief and blackmailer."

For the first time a look of fear leaped into the man's eyes. He had been so secure in his possession of the letters that he had not stopped to realize that whatever fear his possession of them might inspire in the mind of Mrs. Deane, it would inspire no fear in a third party.

"She would never let you arrest me," Dale cried again in his sudden terror. "It would ruin her to have those letters come before the public."

"That is unfortunate, but the company is not sentimental. Now hand over those jewels." The last command was fairly snapped out.

"I haven't got them all," almost wailed Dale. "I pawned some."

"Very well. Give me those you have, and also the tickets for the ones you pawned."

Striving to maintain his dignity, but giving the impression of a whipped cur, Dale went to a trunk standing in a corner of the room and took out a black lacquered cashbox. This he opened with a key attached to a key ring he carried in his pocket. From the box he extracted a chamois skin bag and an envelope, both of which he handed to Geoffrey.

"The jewels I have left are in the bag, and the envelope contains the tickets for those I pawned."

"Thank you," answered Geoffrey. "Now I'll trouble you for something else."

"There are no more. That is all I took."

"I mean those letters. I want them."

"Mrs. Deane's letters? Not on your life," Dale snapped. "I am going to keep those, and I'll make her pay well for what has happened today."

"You seem to forget," said Geoffrey coldly, "that you are a self-confessed criminal. The fact that you have been forced to return the jewelry makes no difference."

"But you can't arrest me now!"

"I can and will, if you do not give me those letters at once."

Without another word Dale handed Geoffrey a small packet of letters which he took from the same box as the jewels.

"Here they are," he muttered.

Geoffrey took the letters, carefully examined them and slipped them, along with the jewels and the pawn tickets, into his pocket. Then he stepped to the bathroom door and opened it.

"Step in here, Dale."

"What do you mean?" Dale demanded.

"I am going to lock you in this bathroom. You can't climb out the window for there is no fire-escape outside, and it will take you quite a while to pick the lock."

"What are you going to lock me in there for?"

"I am going to keep you locked in until the jewelry you pawned is recovered, and until I find out that all the jewels are here as well as all the letters."

"But that will take three or four hours!"

"Yes. I believe it will."

"But I can't stay here all that time."

"I'm afraid you'll have to, and you had better not make any outcry or I might change my mind about arresting you. When I am ready I shall send some one to unlock the door, and I would advise you to take the first steamer out of the country. A criminal who has been fingerprinted is not always safe here."

Sullenly Dale entered the little bathroom, and Geoffrey locked the door and placed the key in his pocket. Then he and Cummings left the bedroom, the door of which Geoffrey also locked.

Once outside in the hall they turned towards the elevators.

"Easier than I expected, Cummings, but then a blackmailer is always a coward, you know.

"Now I want you to take these pawn tickets and redeem the articles, while I send Belle to Mrs. Deane with these letters and a note from me. When you have recovered the stuff that has been pawned bring it to me at the office. Then if everything is O. K., as I feel sure it will be, I'll close the case with Mr. Deane at once, and you can liberate our friend in the bathroom."

"You must be tired, Chief," Cummings remarked, noting the dark shadows under his superior's eyes. "What are you going to do, now this case is practically over?"

"Cummings, as soon as I have handed over the jewelry to Mr. Deane, and he has signed a release, I am going home in time to pack and catch the Albany night boat. To-morrow night will find me at my camp in the Adirondacks."

LOCKED IN A VAULT

FEDERAL Prohibition Agents Guttman, Drescher and Reager were trapped recently in a sub-cellar of a garage in the Bronx, New York, to which they had gone to search for liquor. The door suddenly was locked and the electric lights switched off when the agents made known their identity. Alone in the dark, alcohol smelling place, save for a dog, whose growl sounded vicious, the agents fired two shots through the door in the hope of bringing assistance. After waiting in vain a few minutes for outside aid, they threw their weight against the door and were again free men. They got upstairs just in time to catch two of the alleged owners of the garage, who had accompanied them to the sub-cellar when they were supposed to be bootleggers seeking to buy whisky.

The agents seized a small printing office where all the labels for the bottles were printed. Guttman estimated the value of the seized liquor at bootleg prices, together with the stills, vats, printing press and other equipment, at $200,000.

Guttman, who poses as a broker or banker, sought to buy $2,000 worth of whisky from one of the "firms." As a result he was taken, he alleges, to the garage of the General Trucking Company, 564 Jackson avenue, the Bronx, where arrangements were completed for the purchase and delivery of that amount of whisky.

After obtaining a search warrant, Guttman, accompanied by Drescher and Reager, returned to the garage, accompanied by a truck. They did not see the man who negotiated with Guttman, but two other men in the place, said to be part owners of the garage, understood the transactions, the agents said, and told them the whisky was in the cellar.

"This way, gentlemen, and we can fix you up with any amount you want," one of the garage owners is alleged to have said as he led the way down two flights of stairs to the cellar, then through what appeared to be a trap-door to another cellar. Here the agents gazed upon barrels, vats, cases and other containers filled with "hootch" that had been manufactured on the premises. In the place also were two stills, one of one hundred-gallon capacity and the other of fifty-gallon capacity.

"We are Federal prohibition agents and not bootleggers out to buy whisky," said Guttman to the startled garage owners, "and instead of $2,000 worth of liquor we will take everything you've got down here. This search warrant——"

The two garage men were gone; the door slammed to and almost at the same time the place was in darkness. The men in speeding up the stairway had either switched off the lights or conveyed a signal to some one on the first floor, who acted for them instantly.

Besides the seized liquor, stills and equipment, the agents found five order books in which are entries of liquors delivered.

The Come-On

By JOE BURKE

THE hour was eight o'clock, and the evening was late in August; I was taking it easy—if you choose to call it ease for a man in my "profession," to be riding on a crowded subway train—en route to keep an engagement with my silent partner. I had arranged to meet him an hour later for the sole purpose of looking over the interior of a wealthy banker's house in the Back Bay, Boston.

And I was paying little attention to my fellow sufferers as I mused over my misspent life and the results derived from it.

"Buster Knowles, don't you think it's high time you were clamping the lid on this wild life, and following the straight and narrow procession? I think so."

But my musing was killed by the interruption:

"Ahem—excuse me, partner; don't you think that if you crowded over a little that there might be sitting room for one more?"

I glanced up at the speaker in surprise. Under the circumstances such a request would not have been made by a frequent passenger on the subway trains. He would have deliberately planked himself down between any two passengers, and taken as much room as he thought he was entitled to.

The speaker who had so courteously addressed me was a person of uncertain age. He might have been fifty. The man was attired in a plain black suit of store-clothes, an olive-hued Stetson hat sat rakishly on his well-shaped head, and he wore a soft brown shirt, with a flowing black tie as dark as his suit. He was tall, slender and wiry, with steel-gray eyes, and a square chin.

His tone was a deep bass, with a distinct Western twang—but very clear, honest and child-like.

"Help yourself," I told him jauntily, pulling myself together and crowding over as much as possible.

"Thank you," he said quietly, settling himself down and fixing his gaze on the floor.

My better self was silent, but my worse was restless as I reflected:

"Here's a chance for you and your pal to pull off a nice little trick before tackling the big show. Go to it, bo. Now I wonder how this bird can best be felt out?"

The problem solved itself, for the stranger broke the ice by remarking:

"A sheriff—you folks call 'em policemen—told me that the way to reach the Public Library is by changing cars at Boylston street. Is that right?"

"Sure," I told him. "But he ought to have told you also that the Library isn't open evenings."

"So," he smiled. "It's all right, anyway; I'm putting up near there."

"The Copley?" I ventured.

"No."

I thought the question would draw from him the name of the hostelry he stopped at. But there was nothing doing. I ventured again:

"I get off at the Boylston station, and if it will help you any I'll put you on the right car."

"Thanks," he said briefly.

Then I looked him straight in the eyes with an expression which I intended would carry to him a sense of my deep interest in strangers; especially in himself.

"I take it that you're a stranger in Boston?" I said. "If so, you've got to be very careful. Times are hard here, and the city is overrun with crooks. One has got to be on the alert all the time."

"Well, I declare," he said appreciably. "It's mighty kind of you to warn me, I'm sure. Seems to me I've heard as much coming down on the steam-train."

As if by instinct he placed his hand upon the breast of his coat where it protruded as if from a well-filled bill-fold.

"And, furthermore," I added impressively, "there's quite a bunch of those birds hanging out around the section you are going to."

Then the train pulled into the Boylston station. I needed a moment or two in which to make sure of Sully, my pal. By a lucky coincident the Boylston station was the place where we were going to meet. So I took the stranger in tow to the wrong corner.

As I turned away from him I told him that his car would be marked so that he need make no further inquiry; I assured him that he would have only a short time to wait.

Then my eyes fell on my pal. He had seen me leaving the car with the stranger in tow, and had been edging toward me. I gave him the high sign as I inclined my head in the direction of my intended victim.

He gestured back the silent "I'm on," as I turned and went back to the stranger.

I stared and my fingers twitched, for he was standing at the newsstand with a bill-fold in his hand, and stuffing into it a bundle of paper money that was magnified enormously in my covetous eyes. Noticing that I was observing his action, he laughed as he returned it to the inside pocket.

"Thought I'd put all my money into one wallet. Safer that way, instead of laying loose in one's pocket," he remarked.

I could hardly suppress a cry of joy as I noted that with the air of a careless person he left the top buttons of his vest open.

"That's a very good idea," I said lightly. "You ought to have another purse; you'll soon be overcrowding that one."

"Oh, I guess not. I'll unload some of this money before I leave this city. Anyway, I ain't worrying much about my money."

"You're right, bo; you *will* unload it," I was thinking, as I started to go ahead with my plan. I turned to him, as if just discovering my error, and remarked apologetically:

"By George, what's the matter with me? Hanged if I ain't confused myself. You can't get a car for where you want to go down here, my friend. We'll have to go up on the street and walk to the next station."

"So?" he said vacantly.

Then, lamb-like, I led him carelessly in the direction of the stairs, up, and to the street.

As I advanced a short way along Tremont street I became aware that he was not trailing me. Swinging around, I saw him disappearing through the doorway of a near-beer saloon.

Had my intended victim got wise to my lay? Or was he just human, and seeking a drink of the forbidden nectar?

The latter could hardly be the case; he did not appear like a chap who would drink alone, much less one that would sneak off to get out of buying a drink for a chance acquaintance who had, at least, made a bluff of being his friend in a strange city. Furthermore, he must know that the Volstead law extended to Boston, and that no stranger had a chance to get a drink with a kick in it.

I was in a quandary, and had nearly made up my mind to drop the quest and be satisfied with what we would derive from the job we had set out to do, when he reappeared. Nor did he stop, but took the first surface car that came along.

Sully, whose nerve was chilled steel, went after him. I trailed Sully.

The stranger lowered himself into a seat near the door, moving over to the window. Sully sat beside him on the outer end. The seat back of them was vacant, so I slumped into that.

Then Sully broke the ice with a robust voice. Toning it to the limit, he began:

"This is a pretty good evening."

"Couldn't be better," was the answer.

"From the West?"

"Yes; how'd you guess it? You're not from there, are you?"

"Oh, no," answered Sully, drawing in his

chin and looking owlish-like. "It's part of my business to make a study of people."

"I see; you're a——"

"Headquarters detective," lied my pal. "Name's Davis."

"Well, well, ain't that fine! Are you on duty now?"

"No; at present I'm having a day off. Just a little recompense advanced to me for capturing a desperate murderer last month," he boasted.

"Well, well," iterated the stranger, beaming on Sully. "I'm surely in luck. You ought to be able to show me about a bit. I'll not worry much about crooks gathering me in while I'm in *your* company."

"All right," acquiesced my pal, winking at me. "We'll get off at the next stop and call on a friend of mine. He's a regular fellow, and he'll be tickled pink to meet you."

Wise to what Sully was trying to put over, I left the car ahead of them. By the time they had got off I was hurrying on my way to a room in Brandon street, which my pal and I had hired weeks before for the same purpose that he intended pulling off to-night.

By the time I drawled a careless "Come in" to his knock I had made what I thought sufficient preparations for my visitor. I had removed my hat, changed my coat and supplemented the mustache with neatly trimmed false whiskers. I was satisfied that anybody—especially one so unsophisticated as the stranger—who had not seen me hatless, in a bath-robe, and with the hirsute addition to my physiognomy, would fail to recognize me.

As they walked into the room Sully smiled as he inclined his head in the direction of his "guest," saying familiarly:

"Hello, Judge! I've taken the advantage of an old chum's privilege of dropping in with this gentleman, who——"

"Welcome, my boy; welcome! Always glad to see you at any hour, alone or with any one *you* choose to call a friend. I'm glad it's not an official visit you're making; especially if I was the one you were after."

"He wants to be shown the city," Sully went on, with a knowing nod in recognition of my interruption. "I'm off duty for a few hours, and I thought Your Honor might care to join us."

"That's you all over, Davis," I exclaimed. "You've always been a martyr to your profession, whether on or off duty. But you haven't introduced your new charge to me yet."

"By gad, you're right, Judge!" he replied apologetically. "This is Mr.—er——"

"Brown," furnished the stranger.

"Brown. Mr. Brown, meet Judge Chapin, one of our newest appointees to the bench. Between us, we expect to fill up some of the empty space in the county jail."

"No doubt about that," he smiled.

The formalities over, I couldn't help but feel a little tinge of apprehension. This was a new rôle for Sully and I to be playing. Judge Chapin was our worst enemy on the bench, and Warren Davis—a new addition to Headquarters, a Nemesis of the crooks. Sully and I had never seen him, but he was the most feared man on the street. However, we'd never started anything that we didn't finish—unless the bulls did—so I picked up my cue again and remarked:

"Nothing would please me better than spending the evening with you and Mr. Brown, and burn the midnight-oil if you desire. But the night is young yet, and the forbidden festivities in Boston don't begin until nearly the witching hour. Be seated."

I then drew two chairs to a small table in the centre of the room, and asked them if they cared to indulge in a little of my private stock.

Sully said "whisky," just natural like. Business or pleasure, he was always there with a prompt answer when asked that question.

"And you?" This to our "guest."

"Not a thing," he declined promptly.

We all laughed, although I was somewhat disappointed.

"It's just as you say. Sorry I have no soft stuff. But sit down, won't you?" I indicated an innocent-looking armchair, which I had set up to the table for him.

"No, thanks," he nearly bowled me over by replying, "and you'll pardon me for my peculiarity, but I prefer a chair of this sort."

And following his preference, he walked to the other side of the room, returned with a straight-back chair of the dining-room type, set it near an end of the table, straddled it, and reaching between his legs he drew it forward.

This was a bitter disappointment to me, for the chair that I had placed for him was an invention of my own which I could not patent, but of which I was mighty proud. Simple enough. As soon as a sitter touched the seat his weight released a hidden spring that snapped two steel arms around the victim's body, thus making a prisoner of him.

But fortune favored us in a way that well repaid me for my disappointment, for, as the stranger leaned forward, the still unbuttoned upper portions of the edges of his vest gaped widely, and when he eased back on the chair he was minus his portly bill-fold.

My filching was done so deftly, and so under the screen of a bottle and glasses, that even Sully failed to see it pulled off.

The next thing was to slip the "lift" to him. That must be accomplished, as the stranger might all of a sudden miss his poke, and then maybe—fireworks. He looked the part, even with his baby-like drawl.

I reached over my foot and kicked Sully on the shin. He scowled at me for my pains. I looked him squarely in the eyes, and thought as hard as I could what I would have told him had it been possible. It's a matter of hearsay that our gentry are endowed with telepathic power. His eyes answered, and the bill-fold changed hands.

A moment later he jumped up and grabbed his hat.

"Lordy, gentlemen, I've clean forgotten about a poor devil that I promised to get bail for. You see, I took him in, but I'm always willing to give them a chance to clear themselves."

Our eyes were glued on our mild-toned "guest's" face. There was no longer lassitude or carelessness in or about him. He was intensity and concentration to the last fraction of his last fibre. His hands were advanced on the table. In his left was a bulgy bill-fold, a replica of the one I had lifted! In the right a serviceable-looking revolver!

"Sit down, Mr.—er— Sullivan! I'll give you your true moniker now," he ordered my pal. And to me in the same frigid tone: "You put your hands on the table!"

We both obeyed, I'll tell the world. The gat was held so familiarly, lightly and lovingly, that Sully and yours truly knew ourselves to be at the mercy of a he-man.

"There's the leather you birds were after." He tapped with the barrel of the revolver the wallet he held in view. I switched them in the saloon." Then he ordered Sully to open the bill-fold that I had lifted.

Sully did so.

"Now empty out the contents on the table," he smiled queerly, "and carefully examine the bait."

He emptied it with care.

From it came two official-looking documents, a card-case and two photographs.

The photos lay face up on the table. On each was a front view and profile of *Sully and I.*

"Open the papers," seeped a voice through my mental haze.

Sully did.

Two court warrants his shaky fingers spread out before us. One for the arrest of *David Knowls, alias Buster;* the other for the arrest of *Patrick Sullivan, alias Sully.* Both wanted for a job we pulled off a few nights before, and signed by no other than *Judge Chapin!*

"Open the card-case," droned the same voice.

My pal complied.

On one side, beneath a celluloid covering, a counterpart visage of our "guest" looked mutely up at us. On the other cover, also protected by its celluloid covering, was the credentials of the man we feared most—*Detective Warren Davis of Police Headquarters!*

Sully and I looked up and into each other's eyes. Our tongues were frozen, our lips quivering but silent. But our eyes were talking the single word

"STUNG."

All Kinds of Spotters

IN one of the police courts the other day a young man giving an assumed name was arraigned on a charge of loitering, and a suggestion of suspicious character was also made to the judge, who imposed a fine of ten dollars, upon learning that the young man was employed upon one of the big surface railway companies as a spotter, and he claimed that loitering on street corners was a part of his unenviable calling.

The hatred displayed by the conductors for the monitors in their affairs needs little provocation. As a rule conductors get to know the men who are watching them, and they are mighty careful to ring up every fare received when the spy is around, and they generally keep well posted regarding their movements, one conductor telling another of the proximity of the dreaded individual as he moves along the line.

The spotter who appeared at court a prisoner was searched, and in one of his pockets was found a number of blanks on which he keeps his memoranda. The spaces to be filled in report the day of the month, year and the exact time of the day at which a car is boarded and in which direction the car is going. Then follow the number of fares recorded by the dial in the car, and the number of fares received by the conductor in his presence. The report goes on further to state: Was the conductor polite? Was he careless? Was he watchful as to assisting ladies and children on and off of his car? Was the motorman careful?

The simple mention of the word "spotter" is enough to bring out a storm of indignation from the ordinary railway employee. Every time I hear of one of these fellows," said a conductor of a cross-town car the other day, "it makes me suppose my employers think that we are all dishonest. The bell-punch is looked upon by the conductor as a badge of dishonor, and as far as beating the punch, why it is just as easy to forget to ring it as it is to fail to pull the strap on the big dial indicator.

"If a man wants to be dishonest no bell-punch or dial can prevent him from being so. I could point out spotters, any number of them, who are laughed at by the men on the road. Some of the dirty work is done by women who pretend to be reading a book, but who, in reality, are 'keeping cases' on the unsuspecting conductor. If a man in our business is disposed to be dishonest and is not a fool, all the spotters in Christendom can't catch him. The crowded cars are his best field, for who can tell whether he rings up for every passenger or slips one here and there? At night he will have a few more nickels in his jeans than he is obliged to turn in, but the company is none the worse for it."

"I've run on this road now for two years," said another conductor on the same line, "and I think in that time I have seen about fifty different spotters. I know them the minute they get on the car. The first thing they do is to size you up; and every time you pull the strap they look at the dial to see if it registers correctly. They are unlike the ordinary passengers, insomuch as they wear an air of assumption that gives them 'dead away.'"

The "L" roads and subways have "spotters" also, but not to watch the train hands. These persons are called "inspectors," and they prowl around from station to station at the most unseemly hours, just to catch the drowsy agent or ticket-chopper asleep on his post, or neglecting his business in any way.

The policeman dreads his roundsman, for he knows that officer is appointed to spy

upon him and report any failure to perform his duty. And yet what would the police force amount to if there was no such officer to watch the policeman?

"No man who is honest at heart," said a well-known police official the other day, "needs any watching. A policeman ought to be the last man to object to being watched, for he is in turn only having done to him what he does to the public—looking for delinquents. In the one case he is looking for lawbreakers; in the other he is being watched so that he will not commit a breach of police rules. And so it is in all cases where one man is employed to watch another.

"It is not our desire to be good, in many cases, that keeps us from doing wrong, but our fear of punishment, either by fines or imprisonment. If we don't have some one over us to remind us of this punishment occasionally, we poor, weak mortals are liable to err."

The day-laborer is hourly under the eye of the "boss," the boss is watched by the contractor, the contractor by the architect, and the whole crowd by the city's building inspector.

The cigarmaker is watched by the foreman; the factory girl who works on small articles that could be easily carried away is under the surveillance of the forelady, the girl in the candy-store by the cashier, and the respectable customer in any of the big stores is under the watchful eye of the floorwalker. The cashier is watched by the bookkeeper, the shipping-clerk by the superintendent, and in many cases the partners in a business watch each other's methods. There is no end to the watching and spying upon business people, and the only one who escapes it is the journalist.

LIFE ENDS AS HE READS ARREST WARRANTS

COUNTY DETECTIVE JULIANO of Essex County, N. J., went to the home of Frederick C. Arnold at 78 Chanley avenue, in Newark, the other afternoon with two warrants for Arnold's arrest for embezzling funds of the Benevolent Loan Society, Inc., of 135 Broadway, of which he was treasurer and with which he had been associated since he began as a stenographer twenty years ago. The warrants, issued on the complaint of Thomas W. Cullen, secretary of the society, allege specifically the embezzlement of $2,000 on April 26 and $3,000 on January 4. Cullen told the authorities, however, that Arnold's total embezzlements would amount to more than $100,000.

When Juliano knocked at the door of the Shanley avenue home it was opened by Arnold's daughter, Miss Maude Arnold. The girl said that neither her father nor her mother was at home. Her mother was in New York shopping, she said, and her father was at his office. Juliano, however, insisted upon searching the house, which he did. He searched it from top to bottom, and on his second trip through the building came upon a locked door on the second floor. He asked Miss Arnold to open it, but she said that it was her father's bedroom and that she had no key.

The detective started to kick down the door when it was suddenly opened and Arnold stepped out. Juliano served the warrants. Arnold took them, sat down in a chair and began to read them, but had read no more than a few lines when he dropped the papers, clutched at his throat and then toppled to the floor. He was dead when the detective and Miss Arnold reached his side. In the bathroom the detective found an empty bottle marked "Cyanide of potassium." The authorities believe that Arnold swallowed the poison just before he came out of his room, but an autopsy will be held to determine the exact cause of his death.

The Ruby of Tashi Lumpo

By HERBERT LOUIS McNARY

MARK COSTER emerged hurriedly from the Union Station with all the appearance of a hunted man. Those gray eyes of his, wide with the fear of several days, danced nervously as he scanned the countenances of the people who passed in endless streams in and out of the great railroad terminal, and his weather-tanned face was seamed with the unmistakable lines of a recent and an intense haunting dread. It was not from the hand of the law that Mark's shoulders instinctively shrank, but from the cold, clammy hand of Death, stretched from the far East, from the sinister and mysterious fastness of Mongolia, from the temple of the Bogdo Khan.

Twice had he seen that hand of death descend. From its remorseless thirst for vengeance, and its inhuman cunning there seemed to be no escape. First in Chicago, then in New York, and now here in Boston, was the only other living member, beside himself, of that ill-fated quartet who had suffered from that vengeance.

Glancing furtively around and seeing none within several yards of him, Mark dashed like a frightened animal for a public street fountain, and like one lost for days in a desert and finally reaching a water hole, he drank deeply of the water. In all that long ride from New York he had not tasted water when a thirst of many hours could easily have been satisfied by merely walking the length of the Pullman. Passing a fruit stand, he surprised the white-coated Greek by clutching a handful of dates, grapes, and peanuts and dropping in lieu thereof a dollar bill. Mark had not eaten for many hours, and yet he was well supplied with money.

Mark Coster feared poison—the merciless poison of the Kalmucks, the poison doctors who are the weapons of offence employed by the Bogdo Khan. Twice had he witnessed the demonstration of the vengeance he sought to avoid. And yet he knew the utter futility of abstaining from food and water when, in his clothes, his possessions, in anything his hands might of necessity touch there could just as well lurk some infernal concoction of these Lamas, these wise men of the Far East. From their decision there could be but one answer—the death that he twice witnessed.

Coster hailed a taxi-cab and was driven to the desired address of a Commonwealth Avenue apartment house. He had selected this particular cab from several outside the station because he had observed the driver exchange some pleasantry with the crossing police officer. Obviously they were on friendly relations, and that meant that the taxi driver was really what any person in a normal state of mind would expect him to be—an ordinary taxi driver. But Coster was not in a normal state of mind; he was suspicious of every one and everything.

The taxi driver proved to be a party to no conspiracy, and readily drew up alongside the curb before the address Coster had given him. Mark hastily paid his fare and quickly entered the apartment, glancing back to assure himself that no other car had followed the cab he had ridden in. An elevator whisked him to the apartment rented by Harrison Forbes.

A Chinese boy opened the door to a luxuriously furnished place; and at the abrupt appearance of the slightly built, palid-faced Oriental Coster started back in nervous dismay. The boy apparently did not ob-

serve the action, for he stepped aside in invitation for Coster to enter. Mark appropriated a chair, while the Chinese boy, with the noiselessness and mystery of the East, vanished through the draperies at one end of a room that appeared oppressively dark to the nervous visitor who had just come in from the glare of the afternoon sunlight.

A few moments of suspense and the draperies were again parted to permit the entrance of a man, clad in a bathrobe—a man of dignified appearance, with close-clipped iron-gray hair above a countenance suggestive of wax in its pinkness and mask-like apathy. Harrison Forbes was a writer, of fiction, but more often a contributor of articles upon travel or scientific subjects.

"Why, Mark, old boy, this is a surprise!" And there was no lack of genuine feeling in his voice, at least, as he crossed to grip the trembling hand of his agitated visitor.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked Forbes as he slipped into a nearby chair. "Surely you haven't a cold at this time of year—or is the Boston climate too much for you?"

"No, Forbes, it isn't a cold; it's—good God, man, haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" asked Forbes in surprise.

"About the Tashi Lumpo ruby—didn't you get a letter?"

"Oh that? What was it? Some one's idea of a joke?"

"Joke?" and Coster's tone broke in nervousness. "Joke? Tellman and McArdle are both dead."

Forbes started. "Are you sure?"

"I saw them die."

"You saw them? What caused their death?"

"The Bogdo Khan."

Forbes laughed lightly.

"That fever you picked up during our hasty flight from Mongolia has evidently left its mark. Surely the arm of the Bogdo Khan is not reaching out to touch us here. Are we to tremble in abject fear as does some petty fool at the visit of a Kalmuck from Urga? This is the United States—not China."

"But the letter," protested Coster, and he instinctively reached for his inside pocket.

"Let me see it," requested Forbes and extended his hand. "I wonder if it is like the one I received."

Coster passed him a letter written in Western script, and on peculiar rice paper. Forbes read it.

"To One of the Four Concerned:

"Ten years ago there came to the Holy City of Urga Four Adventurers simulating in dress and mien the many devout subjects of Buddha who had come on pilgrimage. Mingling in the crowds outside the walls sheltering the living Buddha, they touched the red rope of camel's wool and horse hair, one end of which was held in the hands of His Holiness Bogdo Djeptsung Damba Hutuktu Khan and thus came in contact with the Living God. Then in the dead of night did these four blasphemers steal into the Temple and from the forehead of Buddha remove the Ruby of Tashi Lumpo, substituting in its stead a bit of red glass.

"It is written that three shall die, and that the fourth shall find the ruby."

"This letter is the same as mine," declared Forbes, his face whiter than was normal. "I thought that this was a joke—or," and he looked intently at Coster, "blackmail."

"Blackmail?" repeated Coster hollowly.

Forbes shook his head.

"You would be a great actor to pretend to be as frightened as you are. Tell me, what do you know of the ruby?"

"Almost nothing. Wasn't I taken sick in Shanghai? Not since then have I laid eyes on you. Only two years ago I accidentally ran across Tellman in Chicago. He told me that the ruby had been lost. I felt that he lied and that he was forestalling any attempts of mine to claim my fourth interest in it. I made no claims. I wanted nothing to do with the ruby even then. My God," he broke off in desperation, "I ask nothing but to be free of this whole thing!

"Then this letter," he went on in a trembling voice, "when I got it, I went to Tellman once more. He had received one like

it, but on different paper. He said MacArdle had the ruby—*and then before my eyes he expired.*"

"How did you find McArdle's address?" asked Forbes slowly.

"In Tellman's effects."

"Searching for the ruby, heh—yes?" Forbes became the accuser. "And my address—from MacArdle?"

"No. In the 'Who's Who' book."

Forbes considered that.

"What did MacArdle say? Did he have the ruby?"

"No. He said you did."

"He lied!" screamed Forbes in hate, and he continued in the same passion; "and MacArdle? Did he expire before your eyes, too?"

"Yes," muttered Coster, "just like Tellman."

Forbes laughed sardonically, his face livid with passion. "Of course he did—you probably murdered him like you murdered Tellman, for the ruby!"

"No I didn't!"

"Yes!" Forbes sprang up and whipped a black automatic from the folds of his silken bathrobe and thrust it at the cringing Coster. "And now you have come to murder me, to steal from me the Ruby of Tashi Lumpo——"

"No — no!" pleased Coster. "I swear——"

"You lie, you murderer! I'll kill you. and say it is self-defense, as it is. I'll accuse you of your other two murders, and who will not believe me? A clever scheme, that letter. Yes, I received one, too, like Tellman and MacArdle, and mine also was on different paper than yours, not so ashy gray and furry to the touch. And did you think that letter would frighten me?" he broke off with a sardonic laugh.

"No, I swear, Forbes—oh my God, believe me. I don't want the ruby! Return it if you have it. I want never to see it."

"Well, you shall see it." Forbes transferred his gun to his left hand and backed to the wall. The fingers of his right hand moved along the wall, and suddenly, as if it were the door of a cage, a small section sprang out revealing a pocket in the wall. Still covering Coster, Forbes reached in and withdrew something.

"See," and he held between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand a brilliant red ruby as large as a robin's egg, "the Ruby of Tashi Lumpo."

He returned it to the small safe but did not close the door. "And now you shall die. 'Three shall die and the fourth shall find the ruby.' Well, I'm not the third to die, my friend."

Helpless, Mark Coster saw the black automatic rise until the hole in it covered his heart. Suddenly there was a crash beyond the draperies.

Forbes turned, startled.

"What was that?" he exclaimed.

"Your servant," whispered Coster mechanically, not knowing whether to feel relieved or disappointed that his death had been even temporarily averted.

"My servant is away," snapped Forbes, his voice breaking as if with nervous tension. "Would he not have let you in when you rang?"

"He did," declared Coster meekly.

"He is away," I tell you; "he will not be back until Monday. As if you did not know, and chose the time to murder me. You found the door open and walked in."

"No, your servant let me in," protested Coster, not knowing why he argued. "Your Chinese boy."

"My *what!* My servant is English—Walker."

Coster shook his head weakly. Again the crash, and again Forbes started. Coster saw him raise his fingers to his lips in nervous contemplation. Tellman and MacArdle had done just that and then—*Forbes collapsed and fell to the floor before the startled gaze of the horror-stricken Coster!*

For minutes the paralyzed Coster gazed at the prostrate form of Harrison Forbes, knowing that he was looking at a dead man. Three had died, the fourth—there was the ruby in the resting place in the wall.

The slamming of the door startled Coster. It had come from beyond the draperies. Agonizing minutes he waited, and then decided to investigate. Forbes was dead.

Heart trouble, the medical examiner would declare, as in the other two cases.

Coster picked up the revolver. He crossed and thrust it into the pocket where rested the ruby. The ruby he now removed with a new courage gained in the belief of the prophecy, "Three will die and the fourth shall find the ruby."

He slammed the wall door shut on the revolver, and then crossed the room and parted the draperies. The Chinese boy was gone. Stepping into the small kitchen, Coster saw a paper fastened to the back door by an impaling breadknife. Coster released it from the door and read it:

"TO HIM WHO HAS MURDERED HIS THREE ASSOCIATES:

"Three have died from handling your letter, which was saturated with a deadly poison just as you have been saturated with that poison's antitoxin. Destroy the letter if you would save yourself. You have the ruby. You shall be relieved of it and you shall live by the grace of one who decided that you were the least guilty of the four and made you the agent that should unwillingly slay the others."

As Coster finished reading a yellow hand shot in the open window beside him and the fingers snatched the ruby from his pocket. Something struck him a crushing blow on the head, and with a hollow groan he sank to the floor senseless.

Before the dwelling of the Living Buddha were countless numbers of yellow and red Lamas and pilgrims, bent in supplication until they should be permitted to touch the red rope whose end was held in the hands of the Living Buddha. In the temple was the giant statue, and even in that mysterious dusk there gleamed from the forehead the rays of a red ruby as large as a robin's egg.

A NEW BURGLARY TRICK

A NEW burglary trick was sprung on the police of the Bronx, New York, by a dapper young man who decoyed his victim from her store by a clever ruse while his confederate robbed the cash register in the store of $118.

Mrs. Minnie Flambaum was alone in her dairy store at 516 East 149th street when a well-dressed, suave young man entered the store and said he wanted two eggs. Their price was 15 cents and he put two coins on the counter as payment. After he had reached the street Mrs. Flambaum discovered that the coins were a nickel and a penny.

She ran after the young man and overtook him halfway down the block. When he was told of the mistake, he apologized profusely, explaining that he had thought he was leaving a dime and a nickel. The penny was mistaken for a dime, he assured the storekeeper.

"Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry," the young man declared repeatedly. "It was very stupid of me, indeed, it was. I owe you my apologies."

Then he reached into his pocket. His manner was leisurely. He withdrew a dime. He dropped the coin on the sidewalk. Again he made profuse apologies. He leisurely picked up the dime. With a gallant flourish, he handed it to Mrs. Flambaum, and at last she hurried back to her store.

When she arrived she found that the cash register had been opened. The entire $118 was missing.

The young man had delayed her long enough for his confederate to rifle the register. The confederate was not seen and when Mrs. Flambaum ran to the street calling for the police the young customer also had disappeared.

The detectives of the Alexander avenue station was trying to find the originators of the new trick. They have a good description of the courteous young man who couldn't tell a dime from a penny.

The Trance

By JAMES B. PRICE, M.D

"OF all the terrible mental torture a person can suffer, none is worse than that of a man doomed to death and unable to help himself," said the old gentleman at whose house I had been calling to doctor him for a cold.

"I do not get your meaning," I told him.

"Well," he answered, "I was thinking of the time I fell in a trance, and my family was going to bury me alive. And I had to lay there and listen, unable to let them know I was alive."

"I would like to hear about that remarkable occurrence, sir."

"Very well. I'll tell you all the strange facts, Doctor," and he went on with the following account of the matter:

"It was on a cold January afternoon that I was taken sick, but hoping I would recover, no medical aid was summoned. The following night I grew very despondent, and seemed to feel that something unusual was about to happen.

"The next morning, shortly after sunrise, I felt a curious sensation in my feet, which became heavy, as if they were 'sleeping.' This sensation crept farther and farther upward, and I began to think that if it were to reach my heart my life's journey would soon end.

"Having called my family into my bedroom I told them of my fears. Then I fell back paralyzed, unable to move a finger or to open my eyes, and to every one but myself I was practically dead.

"The agony of mind I suffered for the next three days would fill volumes, yet the horror of my situation could not be expressed. "I heard the weeping of my wife and children, who were nearly frantic with grief, and I felt the kisses of my little daughter as she clung to me and implored me to speak.

"The strength of every muscle in my system was summoned, but my mouth would not open, my tongue would not move. I was imprisoned in my own body—tied down even more than if I had been placed in chains.

"Then came the fear of being buried alive. I heard how the arrangements for my funeral were to be made, who were to be my pall-bearers and what minister should deliver my funeral sermon.

"The style of my coffin was discussed at length between my wife and a neighbor.

"This was the most terrible conference to which I ever listened," said the old man, as he wiped the sweat from his brow and continued:

"I remained unconscious until next day. When I awoke I was being placed in a casket, that awe-inspiring, ghastly box in which it was intended I should forever rest, and yet I was unable to make any signs to intimate that life still lingered in my body.

"From the conversation going on I learned that our family physician had declared I died of heart failure and as no inquest was necessary he advised my interment.

"Many friends came to look at me, and as they passed by the casket I listened to such exclamations as 'Isn't he natural?' 'Oh, doesn't he look life-like?' and similar expressions that are so plentiful on such occasions.

"Next day I was yet in a trance. About nine in the forenoon, so I am told, all was ready for the funeral. Into my house filed six of my friends, who carried me into the hearse at the door. After a short ride I was taken out of the fatal vehicle. This

was at the church where the benedictions were to be pronounced.

"The church was crowded with people when the service began. The boards of my casket quivered as the deep tones of the organ and the voices of the choir echoed through the corridors of the sanctified edifice. The solemn music ceased and all was hushed save the heartrending sobs of my wife.

"A low voice from the pulpit, which increased in volume as it proceeded to review the good phases of my life and to advise the congregation to be prepared for death, intimated that the pastor had assumed the sacred duty of his office. For fully an hour, which to me seemed an age, he continued to paint in vivid colors the instability of fortune and the shortness of life on earth.

He closed with prayer, after which, as those who were present were passing to take a last look at me, it was a mournful march, every note of which pierced my heart like a poisoned arrow.

"All but the members of my family had passed and they were asked to take a final view of the mortal remains of their beloved husband and father. Grant Heaven that I never may survive another moment like that!

"As my beloved ones, who vainly tried to suppress their sobs, stood by my head I felt a tear drop upon my cheek. Had it been liquid fire it would not have caused me such frightful pain.

"A desperate yet vain attempt to open my eyes was made and more hopelessly than ever my spirit sank into deeper anguish. Once more I lay in the slowly moving hearse which was to convey me to the cemetery two miles distant, where an open grave was yawning to swallow me up.

"The fierce wind beat against the panes of glass in my lonely funeral car. It was cold in the extreme, and it is a wonder that I was not frozen to death. Mingled with the raging wind, the bells in a cemetery-tower tolled my funeral knell, sending shocks of indescribable grief into my very soul. Only the tortures of Prometheus, on whose vitals a raven continually fed, can be compared with my menial suffering.

"Once at the cemetery I was hoisted into my grave—a dismal den of death—and one, two, three shovelfuls of earth were thrown upon the casket case.

"At this late moment I suddenly resumed my physical strength and yelled madly. I told them to open the coffin. Of course I was saved.

"I would rather die upon the rack or above a slow fire than once more undergo such a terrible experience."

I questioned him for scientific points but gleaned nothing new that might be helpful to the medical fraternity. Then I left him a pretty healthy old man.

FINGERPRINTS AND RECAPTURE

THE development of the science of taking fingerprints is making it more difficult every day for escaped convicts to retain their liberty for long. Wherever one escapes his fingerprints are sent to police officials all over the country. It was through fingerprints that Arthur Fields, who broke parole from Auburn prison in the spring of 1920, was arrested in California. He has been taken back to that State, and will spend most of the rest of his life in prison.

Among notorious convicts in the State's prisons who have a record for attempted escapes are Reynolds Fosbrey, who got out of Clinton prison twice; John "Clink" McAllister, who two years ago made a dummy of bread dough and left it in his bed; August Flashkey, who escaped from Sing Sing in 1916 and gave himself up four years later because of the fear of being "hounded to death," and George W. Stivers and Marcus F. Bassett, who last fall got out of Sing Sing after overpowering their guards and made their way to New Hampshire, where there were later on apprehended.

The Murdock Mystery

By DAVID F. GALVIN

CHAPTER ONE

"SHALL we go to the Strand, Brousseau? Or shall it be to the Empire?" asked the detective. For a moment Larry Brousseau stared at Dustin Wayne, evidently astonished.

"Say! How the deuce did you know what I was thinking about?" he asked.

Wayne smiled, but made no reply.

"Come, now, I want to know!" exclaimed Brousseau.

"Then, I suppose I must tell you. What would you say if I told you that you were a victim of telepathy?"

"I wouldn't believe you!" declared Brousseau.

"Why not?" asked Wayne.

"Because I haven't any faith in telepathy," replied Brousseau.

"You're right," laughed Wayne. "It was like this—you were rolling one of your favorite cigarettes, when I let a part of the evening paper fall on the floor. I was about to regain it, when I discovered that you were very much interested—so interested, that you continued to look at it. Following the direction of your eyes, I came to the conclusion that it was the picture of Viola Wilde in the center of the page that interested you. Knowing very well that she is the same charming young actress that employed us professionally last month, I watched the expression of your face. It was perfectly obvious that you were interested. As we never had an opportunity of seeing her on the stage, it possibly occurred to you at that moment that we would like to. Up to that point in your train of thought I was a little skeptical of my deductions. But when I saw you suddenly look at your watch, I was quite sure that I was right. You wanted to see if you would be late for the show. That's as far as I went."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Brousseau.

"Now," said Wayne, "shall we go to the show?"

"As we have nothing else to do," replied Brousseau, "I think it would be a good idea."

Wayne was about to ring for his housekeeper when that very person stood framed in the door of the study.

"Well, Mrs. Hawkins, what is it now?" asked the detective.

Mrs. Hawkins came forward, and handed him a card.

"Miss Vera Kelly," said Wayne, reading the card aloud.

"She's in the reception-room, and says she wants to see you, sir."

"Tell Miss Kelly I will be in at once," said Wayne.

"Can you beat that!" exclaimed Brousseau, as Mrs. Hawkins left the study. "No show for us to-night!"

"You can go, Brousseau—if you want——"

"No, no! You will most likely need me," said the other.

They found, on entering the reception-room, a very attractive young lady. Wayne could see at a glance that she was perturbed over something.

"You wish to speak to me, Miss Kelly?" he asked, bowing politely.

"If you are Detective Wayne—yes!" she answered.

He assured her of his identity and introduced Brousseau.

"I have so much I want to tell you," she

said, when they were both seated, "that I hardly know where to begin. About five years ago my mother was suddenly taken ill. I was living here in New York at the time. She had complained of her heart many times, and did not live long. Before she died, I sent for my sister Alice, and her husband, Mr. Murdock. My sister then suggested that I return to their home in the country. Of course I agreed. So the next day we all left New York. It was a pretty little village where we landed. I was not there very long before I made many friends. For about five years everything went along nicely—then everything went wrong. A shadow had fallen on our little home. One night I found my sister crying, 'Tell me, Alice,' I said to her, 'what's wrong with you?"

"'Oh, Vera!' she says, 'I fear something terrible is going to happen.'

"'You must be mistaken,' I answered quickly.

"'No, I'm not!' she said.

"I hope, Mr. Wayne, that I'm telling you all this in quite the proper way. If not——" She paused, her eyes suddenly expressive of inquiry.

"You're doing nicely," said the officer encouragingly. "Please go on with your story."

"A letter that came in the mail that afternoon was the cause of all our trouble," Vera continued. "It was sent to Mr. Murdock. When he had seen the contents my sister said his face turned deadly pale. All that night he sat alone in his room, forbidding either of us to disturb him. My sister became hysterical at this. We did not sleep that night. Then, just before dawn, I thought I heard footsteps in the hall. I went to the door, followed by my sister. Her husband's room was directly across the hall. We went out into the hall, expecting to find him standing there. But we were disappointed. For several seconds we stood staring at each other, speechless. Then, just as we were about to return to our room, we heard a shot and ran across the hall. My sister was the first to reach the door of his room. As she swung it open, I heard her say, 'My God!' followed almost instantly by the most heart-rending scream I have ever heard in my life. Oh, I will never, never forget that scene! It will be in my memory always.

"Her husband lay on the floor—dead! Cruelly murdered! And my sister was lying across his body, where she had fallen unconscious. I wonder now that I did not faint too! I remember carrying Alice from the room; of opening the door for some of my neighbors, and the arrival of the police. A search was started at once for the murderer. Two weeks have passed, and the police have failed to apprehend Mr. Murdock's slayer.

"The papers claimed that the police have a clue—but so far they have accomplished nothing! In behalf of my sister and myself, I appeal to you, Mr. Wayne, to find the murderer of Mr. Murdock."

CHAPTER TWO

FOR several minutes after Miss Kelly concluded her story Wayne was silent, considering all that she had told him, and turning each point over in his mind. Turning to Vera a few seconds later, he said:

"There are several questions I wish to ask you, Miss Kelly. Surely, robbery was not the motive for this crime. Had Mr. Murdock any enemies?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Vera. "He may have had."

"Did the police find any footprints in the yard outside the window?"

"Yes, near the window."

"Was the window of his room down at the time he was shot?"

"Yes."

"Could you tell by the appearance of the bed if he had lain on it?"

"I'm not sure—but it looked as if he did not sleep in it that night, Mr. Wayne."

"Who heard the shot?"

"It was Mr. Marvin's hired man who heard the shot. I don't know his name. He has only been there three weeks and sleeps in the barn. When he heard the shot

he told Mr. and Mrs. Marvin about it, and they came over at once."

"Are they your nearest neighbors?"

"Yes."

"How far is it from your farm to Marvin's farm?"

"About a mile—perhaps more."

"You're quite sure of that?"

"Yes, absolutely positive, sir."

"You say Mr. and Mrs. Marvin didn't hear the shot?"

"They say they didn't."

"What became of that letter you speak of—I mean the one that was sent to Mr. Murdock?"

"The police found it in one of his pockets. I guess it was of no interest to them, for they did not keep it. I've carried it with me. I don't know why—unless it is because I have heard that you could see what the police miss."

"Oh, I'm no smarter than the police," said Wayne smiling.

"Here it is," said Vera, handing the letter to the detective.

"Where's Attleboro?" asked Wayne, looking at the postmark on the envelope.

"That's a city about five miles from where we live."

"This letter was sent from there, on the second of May," announced Wayne, examining the postmark carefully.

After reading the letter, he passed it over to Brousseau.

"Just take a look at that," he said. "It certainly offers food for thought!"

The letter was as follows:

"MR. MURDOCK:—

"This is a greeting from one who has not seen you in a long time. It is sent, just to show that I have not forgotten you. One night in front of a certain house on Eighth Avenue—enough said. I need not sign my name—you know who the writer is."

"Hang it!" exclaimed Brousseau, after reading the letter, "I can't make anything out of it!"

"Nor could the police," said Vera.

"What do you make out of it?" asked Brousseau, handing the letter to Wayne.

"I can't say, at this moment," replied Wayne. Then, turning to Vera, he asked: "How long has your sister been married?"

"Almost six years," she answered in surprised tones. She could not comprehend what her sister's marriage had to do with the murder.

"Six years," said Wayne, turning to Brousseau, while a smile played about the corners of his mouth. "Does that suggest anything to you, my friend?"

"Yes," assented the other. "I'll discuss my suspicion later on."

"I thought it would," said Wayne, then turning to Vera again, he asked: "In what city was your sister married?"

"New York."

"Did Mr. Murdock live in New York before his marriage?"

"Oh, yes," she answered with a nod. On Hudson Street—I don't know the number."

When did Mr. Murdock first meet your sister?"

"About six months before they were married. She broke off with another man to marry Murdock."

"Guess that will be all for now, Miss Kelly. When do you return to your sister?"

"To-night, if I can. I promised her I wouldn't stay in New York any longer than necessary."

"If you haven't any objections Mr. Brousseau and I will return with you."

"I'm sure," said Vera smiling, "that nothing would please me better. It is irksome traveling alone on the cars."

"Well, that's settled. Now, is there any place in the village where we could get rooms and meals?"

"Why, yes! There's the Midway House. No doubt you know, Mr. Wayne, that you can't anticipate too much in a country village."

"I understand. Still, we will not be there very long—two or three days at the most."

"Does that signify that you will have the murderer under arrest in such a short period of time?" asked Vera in surprise.

"I hope to," answered Wayne.

A little later that night Vera, Wayne and Brousseau arrived at the Forty-second

Street entrance to the Grand Central Station, bound for the scene of the crime.

CHAPTER THREE

ON the following morning we find Wayne and Brousseau sitting in one of the rooms at the Midway House, to which they had just returned after making an investigation on the scene of the crime.

"Well, Brousseau, what do you think about the case now?" asked Wayne, after he had lit a cigarette.

"This is a sure enough mystery! I don't know what to think!" declared Brousseau.

"Didn't it occur to you, from what Miss Kelly said of this hired man at Mr. Marvin's and his actions on the morning of the crime.

"In what way?" asked Brousseau.

"In more ways than one. The hired man claimed that he was sleeping—keep that in mind—in the barn, and heard the shot that morning. Now you know, Brousseau, as well as I do, that seven people out of ten couldn't hear that shot at a mile distance when they are awake. Yet, this man says he heard it, and that it awakened him at the time!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Brousseau. "There is something queer in that!"

"And another thing," said Wayne. "How is it, that when this man heard the shot, he rushed to his employer, Mr. Marvin, and told him that he feared something had happened at the Murdock farm? Why the Murdock farm especially? How did he know the shot came from there?"

"There is something in that, too!" declared Brousseau with increased interest.

"Now you can see," said Wayne, "why I am suspicious of this fellow. He may not be the slayer, but, in my opinion, he knows something about this murder. Just take into consideration his actions on the morning of the crime, and you will feel as I do."

"I have thought of that," said Brousseau, "and my opinion is precisely the same as yours. But what are you going to do?"

"I intend soon to know if this man really heard the shot that morning. There are several other things I will try to prove, and if I do—well, somebody's going to the chair!"

"What are your plans?" asked Brousseau curiously.

"Well, there's the identity of this man we want to get—his fingerprints——"

"But!" exclaimed Brousseau, interrupting him. "We did not find any fingerprints at the scene of the crime."

"I know," said Wayne, smiling. "I want his fingerprints to see if he has ever been arrested before; and, if so, for what crime. That may lead to other developments."

"Oh!" exclaimed Brousseau. "I hadn't thought of that. Anything else?"

"Next, I'm going to have an interview with Mr. Marvin this afternoon. I hope in that way to learn a lot about this hired man of his. I will ascertain if he was absent from the farm on the second of May; if so, for how long. Then, you see, I can judge if he had time to go to Attleboro and mail that letter to Mr. Murdock. And if he did, well, that will be another link in the chain of evidence. I have several other ideas—but they must wait their turn. I can't get that guy out of my mind."

"Map out your work for the day."

"I am going to try out a plan I have in mind. This afternoon you and I will go over to Murdock's farm. While there we will set our watches exactly the same. I will leave there at about half-past two and you will stay there while I go over to Marvin's farm. At exactly three o'clock I will be in conversation with Mr. Marvin and his hired man. Then, when it is exactly three o'clock, you will shoot one shot from your Colt. At one minute past three you will shoot another. You will shoot one shot every minute, for five minutes, until you have fired five shots. By that time it will be five minutes past three. Now don't ask me why you're to do all this. I have a very good reason. After that you can return to the Midway House. While you're doing all this, I will be at the Marvin farm; and Brousseau—if I don't know something about that man's guilt or inno-

cence when I return to the Midway House it will not be my fault!"

Brousseau smiled.

"Say, Wayne, if Miss Kelly knows what time Mr. Murdock was shot, and Marvin knows what time it was that his man awakened him that morning, we may be able to prove he was in the barn when the shot was fired, as he claims he was."

"Ah!" exclaimed Wayne. "This afternoon will show how near the truth we are. And there is another point—we have got to establish a motive for the crime."

For several minutes they were silent. Brousseau lit a cigarette. Then he walked slowly across the room to the window. It was perfectly obvious that he was not interested in what he could see. A few minutes later some one knocked on the door of their room. Brousseau turned around suddenly and glanced at his companion.

"Come in!" said Wayne.

The door opened slowly. A little man with small, piercing, blue eyes and gray hair stood framed in the doorway. Wayne recognized him at once as the proprietor of the Midway House.

"Ah! Good-morning, Mr. Henderson!" exclaimed the detective.

"Morning, gentlemen!" said Henderson, smiling. "I came up to tell ye that the wife has everything ready, if ye care to eat."

"Yes, we will be down at once," said Wayne.

Henderson nodded his head slowly, and then closed the door.

CHAPTER FOUR

AT half-past two that afternoon Wayne and Brousseau arrived at the Murdock farm. It was a small, white house, bathed in sunshine. At the rear of the house was a small barn, and next to that was a hen-house—a long, low, flat building.

"I have just told Miss Kelly and her sister what you are going to do," said Wayne. "I thought it best to tell them so that you would not frighten them when you fired those shots."

"It would scare them some," replied Brousseau.

"Did you find out what time it was that Mr. Murdock was shot?"

"From what Miss Kelly says, I believe Mr. Murdock was shot at twenty minutes to five. As you know, Miss Kelly carried her sister from the room unconscious to her own room, and in doing so she had to pass through the hall, and couldn't help seeing what time it was. The clock, which is an old-fashioned one, is in the hall, near the door of her room. Let's regulate our watches so that they will be exactly the same. I must start at once for Marvin's farm."

They compared their watches.

"Ah!" exclaimed Wayne. "I see there is a difference of a minute in mine. That will never do! There, it's fixed! Now I must be going."

The detective started in the direction of Marvin's farm, and Brousseau watched him until he vanished around a turn in the road. Then he sat down and lit a cigarette. It did not take Wayne very long to reach his destination. Soon after his arrival he was talking to Mr. Marvin.

"That's Anderson greasing the axle on that wagon," said Marvin, after Wayne had told him all that he thought necessary. "He must be the man you are interested in, for he is the only man I have working for me. Good worker, too!"

Wayne looked at Anderson, but made no reply.

"He hasn't been here very long," Marvin went on. "Surely not more than three weeks. He does his work and minds his business, and that's all we can expect of anybody. But, if he had anything to do with that murder——"

He paused and looked at the detective.

"Well?" asked Wayne wonderingly.

"I would like to see him in jail! Nothing could give me greater pleasure than sending him there—that is, if he is guilty. Phillip Murdock was a good friend of mine—one of the best I ever had! If there is

anything I can do that will help to put his murderer in jail I will gladly do it!"

"There is a lot you can do," said Wayne. "Did Anderson work all day on the second of May?"

"Now, let me see," replied Marvin, looking in the direction of the suspect. "Come to think of it, he did not. He asked permission to be away for two hours that morning."

"Ah!" exclaimed Wayne. "You're quite sure of that?"

"Yes. I am positive."

"Is that the only time he has been away from here in the last three weeks?"

"That's the only time I know of. I never send him to the village as I prefer to attend to those trips myself."

"Have you any idea what time it was that Anderson aroused you on the morning that Murdock was shot?"

"Yes, for he called me twice before I raised the window and answered him. The first time he called I sat up in bed at once. So did Clara—that's my wife. We keep the clock on a little table near the bed. When I heard Anderson calling I thought we had been sleeping overtime. Naturally, I couldn't help looking at the clock to see what time it was."

"And what time was it?" asked Wayne.

"Ten minutes to five."

Wayne looked at his watch. In five minutes Brousseau would fire the first shot from his gun.

"There is a favor you can do for me," said Wayne. "Will you?"

"And what might that be, sir?" asked Marvin.

"I want you to start a conversation with Anderson and keep it going for about five minutes, or a little more. During that time I will pretend that I am hearing things that you will not hear. Understand?"

"That's easy!" declared Marvin. "I can talk to him about his work for the day."

Wayne looked at his watch again. He still had two minutes before Brousseau would fire the first shot.

"We will go over to Anderson now," said Wayne.

"Just as you say, sir," answered Marvin, and he started in the direction of his man. Wayne followed him across the yard, holding his watch in the palm of his hand. On reaching the suspect, Marvin said:

"Say, Anderson, I guess you had better grease the axles on that other wagon, too."

The helper made no reply, but he nodded his head to show that he had heard; then he went on again with his work. Wayne stood looking at his watch. When it was exactly three o'clock he raised his head suddenly.

"What was that?" he exclaimed.

Marvin and Anderson looked at him surprised.

"I didn't hear anything," said Marvin. Then he turned to his hired man, and asked: "Did you hear anything?"

"No!" exclaimed Anderson.

"Guess I must be imagining things," said Wayne.

Anderson removed one of the wheels from the wagon. He could not see Wayne standing behind him. The detective continued to look at his watch. When it was exactly one minute past three he raised his head suddenly.

"There it is again!" he exclaimed.

The two farmers looked at Wayne more astonished than ever.

"I'm sure I heard it!" declared Wayne.

"What did you hear?" asked Marvin.

"You mean to say you didn't hear it?" asked Wayne, evading a direct reply in order to arouse their curiosity.

"No, I didn't hear it," replied Marvin.

Wayne turned to the hired man, who had a puzzled expression on his face.

"And you, Anderson—did you hear it?" he asked.

"No! I don't know what you're talking about," growled the man.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Wayne, his eyes fastened on those of Anderson. "I could swear I heard a shot!"

The man suddenly released his hold on the wheel of the wagon and it fell to the ground. He moved nearer to Wayne. His eyes gleamed menacingly. Marvin stood staring at them, speechless.

"Stranger, I don't know what your game is," Anderson muttered fiercely, "but I don't like it—see?"

"Game? Why, what do you mean?" asked Wayne innocently.

Anderson's face seemed to turn livid with rage. He swore a mighty oath.

"You know what I mean! You——"

He did not finish. Wayne sprang at him. Anderson leaped aside, suddenly drawing a gun from his pocket, and a harsh laugh burst from his lips. It sounded more like the cry of some angry beast. Marvin moved slowly away as the situation alarmed him.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Anderson. "Both of you!"

Wayne raised his hands slowly over his head and smiled.

"I'm not taking any chances on you," said Anderson. "I'm going to search you. And remember, if you let your hands down an inch I will shoot!"

From Wayne's pockets Anderson took a pair of handcuffs and a gun.

"Just as I thought!" he roared. "So you thought you was pullin' somethin' wise, eh? Well, you didn't! Know what I'm going to do to you? I'm——"

Anderson did not finish. A sharp, ringing voice behind him cried out:

"Drop that gun or I'll shoot!"

For a moment Anderson appeared to hesitate. Then he involuntarily turned his head to see who spoke, when Wayne sprang at him and there was a terrific struggle. With the assistance of Marvin it did not take very long before they had him handcuffed.

"I did not intend to make an arrest this afternoon," said Wayne, "but you forced my hand. I now charge you with the murder of Philip Murdock!"

"No, no! It's a lie! Do you hear me? It's a lie!" shouted Anderson.

"Then, perhaps you can explain your actions at the time of the crime," said Wayne. "When you heard the shot that morning you said you was sleeping in the barn, but it was you who fired it! You couldn't help hearing it. This afternoon five shots were fired at the Murdock farm but you didn't hear any of them? Your hearing this afternoon was very poor. And it was you who went to Attleboro and sent that letter to Mr. Murdock! You did not tell Mr. Marvin that morning until ten minutes after the shot had been fired. Why? Because you couldn't be in two places at once! And that isn't all. I have enough evidence to convince any jury in the country that you are guilty."

"I—I—my God!" cried Anderson. "How did you find all that out?" And he broke down completely.

"Then it's true!" exclaimed Wayne.

"I'm not sure I did it. I was going to shoot his wife, too! You see, she jilted me for Murdock. But my love for her was greater than my desire for revenge. I told him I would do it—but he laughed at me then; he isn't laughing now!"

"Before you go," said Marvin, "I would like you to explain, Mr. Wayne, that voice we all heard—the voice that made Anderson turn his head. I didn't see anybody—did you?"

"I am a ventriloquist, Mr. Marvin," said Wayne, and he led his prisoner away.

RADIO FOR PRISONERS

RADIO concerts will be a feature of future entertainments provided for the prisoners at the Maryland Penitentiary. At a meeting of the State Board of Prison Control recently at the institution a petition to allow the prisoners to establish a receiving station was approved.

Warden Claude B. Sweezy explained that the men have been interested keenly in radio for several months, with the result that $466 has been collected to purchase the outfit. As the entertainment, it was believed, will be beneficial to the men, and inasmuch as the money to pay for the installation of the apparatus had been raised out of the prisoners' earnings, the board decided to permit it. The radio will be under the supervision of the warden.

A Study In Circumstantial Evidence

By CARL H. GETZ

RICHARD GRIMM was on trial for his life. He was charged with first-degree murder. And every piece of evidence pointed to his guilt.

Grimm was returning to his Park avenue home on a dark, rainy night in February, after an extended business conference at one of his clubs. As he approached his apartment house he saw an object that looked like a human form thrown up against an iron fence. As he got closer he could see that it was a man's body. He leaned over, and for some reason, which he can't explain to this day, he pulled a stiletto from between the man's ribs. As he did so a thin stream of blood spattered his collar and shirt. The next thing he knew two men seized and were struggling with him, yelling for the police. Grimm succeeded in jerking himself free, only to find himself in the arms of two policemen.

He was allowed to telephone his wife and his friend, Dr. Bradley Northrup, an eminent lawyer-detective, before he was locked up. When it was learned that the murdered man was Anthony Douglas, Grimm's bitterest enemy, bail was refused, and Grimm had to remain behind prison bars.

Grimm and Douglas loved the same girl, and Grimm had won. Both had been caught in the same stock corner on Wall Street, and Grimm succeeded in pulling out without serious loss, while Douglas went bankrupt. Douglas always felt that Grimm was responsible for his failure. Now Grimm was charged with Douglas's murder.

The day of the trial came quickly. The prosecuting attorney described the case as a closed incident. He said it was so apparent that Grimm was guilty that the court procedure was a mere formality which the law insisted upon.

Grimm told exactly what had happened.

The two witnesses explained that they had been walking along Park avenue when they saw Grimm and Douglas meet. They heard them quarrel and stopped to watch. The next moment Grimm stabbed Douglas, and before he could get away the two men seized him. When the police arrived Grimm had the stiletto in his hand, and there was blood on his shirt and collar.

The judge at this point interrupted to ask Grimm whether he didn't want to change his plea from "not guilty" to "guilty." Grimm replied that he did not.

The judge, jury and the prosecution thought it needless to go on with the case.

Doctor Northrup was doing a lot of thinking.

"Your honor," he said, addressing the court as Mr. Grimm's counsel, "may I ask that the visitors he told to step out of the court-room? And may I ask, to, that the two witnesses for the prosecution be taken into an adjoining room, and that a deputy and one of my assistants be sent with them, to make sure they refrain from talking?"

"This is a very unusual request," said the judge.

"I know it is," said Doctor Northrup. "I wouldn't make it if it were not for the fact that my client is being tried for his life, and I think I can prove his innocence if you will grant my request."

"Very well," said the judge finally, but it was evident he consented reluctantly.

The bailiffs began at once to clear the court. Doctor Northrup in the meantime started talking rapidly to two of his assistants. They then hurried from the room.

After the court had been cleared the two witnesses were taken to an adjoining room. The moment the witnesses left the court-room Doctor Northrup's two assistants returned. They were led before the judge by the doctor.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury," began Doctor Northrup, "we will admit that circumstantial evidence points to the guilt of my client. He was arrested with a stiletto in his hand, and he had blood on his collar and shirt. The two witnesses saw nothing of the kind. Grimm and Douglas did not meet. There was no quarrel.

"I want to prove to the satisfaction of this court and the gentlemen of the jury that these two witnesses aren't capable of reporting accurately what they see.

"You will note that these two assistants of mine," pointing to the two men before the judge, "are as different as day is from night. Mr. Smith here is nearly ten inches taller than Mr. Chambers. Mr. Smith is dark and is wearing a light suit. Mr. Chambers is light and is wearing a dark suit. Mr. Smith has on a bright red and black tie and Mr. Chambers has on a dark-blue tie that looks almost black.

"With the consent of the court I am going to have my two assistants retire from the room. Then I want the two witnesses brought in. Next I want to be allowed to stage a mock fight here, and we will see whether these two witnesses can describe what they see."

The judge began to shake his head, but Doctor Northrup again pointed out that his client was on trial for his life and was entitled to every consideration to defend himself. So the judge consented. The two assistants withdrew from the court-room, and the witnesses were brought back. Their chairs were so arranged that they faced the area directly in front of the judge's stand.

"As I was saying," began Doctor Northrup after the witnesses had returned, "I want to repeat that my client is a victim of circumstantial evidence."

Just then Smith raced into the court-room with his hat off and his hair disarranged. He grabbed Doctor Northrup and started to say something which no one could make out. Doctor Northrup tried to shake him off, but was unable to. Next Chambers rushed in, and he also grabbed Doctor Northrup. The doctor tried to jerk away from him, and the next minute the three men were rolling on the floor. A second later all three were on their feet again, and Smith tried to strike at Chambers. Again they fell to the floor, and this time Chambers got free. He pulled a revolver from his pocket, and was about to fire, when one of the witnesses grabbed his arm. A moment later Doctor Northrup had the two men by their necks, and he quickly marched them out of the room. He brushed himself returned to court, and addressed the judge:

"Your honor," he started in, "I am sorry there has been such an interruption. I haven't the slightest idea who those two maniacs are."

The judge nodded, but his face was expressionless.

"Your honor," continued Doctor Northrup, "may I put the first witness on the stand?"

Again the judge nodded, and the witness took the stand.

"Tell us what you just saw happening in here," said the doctor.

"Well, let me see. There were two men, both about the same height. Just one ran in and then the other. Both wore dark suits and both had on red ties. One man rushed in here and grabbed you, and threw you down, and then, let me see, I don't really think I can remember exactly what happened next. You see I was so startled by what took place that I became confused."

"Was there any shooting?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, there was one shot," said the witness. "No, there wasn't, either. The man was about to shoot. Now I remember. There was no shooting."

"You seem to have difficulty in remembering the details," said Doctor Northrup. "Do you suppose you can remember better in a little while?"

"Yes, I do," said the witness.

Then the second witness was put on the

stand, and he was just as much confused. He said that one man was much taller than the other and that the dark man had on a dark suit and that the light man had a light suit.

Then Doctor Northrup asked permission to question the two witnesses together.

"Both of you men saw what happened here," said the doctor. "See if together you can't agree upon a definite picture of just what took place."

"Well," began the one, "there were two men of about the same height."

"No, they weren't," said the second.

"One had on a light suit and the other had on a dark suit," continued the first witness.

"Wrong again," said the second witness. "Both had on dark suits."

And so the testimony continued. The more they talked the more confused they became. For a moment it was feared they would actually quarrel with each other.

"Your honor," broke in Doctor Northrup, "I hope I have made my point clear. Here was a sham battle, which occurred within six feet of where these men sat. And yet they are unable to tell this court accurately what happened.

"The crime for which my client is being tried was committed on a dark, rainy night. These two witnesses have testified that they were at least seventy feet away when they first saw my client, and yet they come into this court and gave every little detail of what they describe as a struggle."

"Did you actually see a fight between Grimm and Douglas?" asked the judge of the two witnesses.

"We thought we did," they answered.

"We are not interested in hearing what you imagined," said the judge. "What we want to know is: Are you positive that you saw a struggle?"

"No, sir," one of them answered meekly.

"Circumstantial evidence alone points to the defendant's guilt," said the judge. "But this court will not continue a case where there isn't more and better evidence than has been submitted here. If there is nothing further I shall instruct the jury."

The judge's charge to the jury was very brief. He pointed out how all the evidence seemed to show the defendant's guilt, but that the evidence itself was purely circumstantial, and much of it was of doubtful value. He next pointed out that the defendant was a man of sterling character with many friends who were ready to vouch for his integrity. Finally he instructed the jury to bring in such a verdict as its best judgment dictated. And in twenty minutes the jury was back with a verdict of acquittal.

Before he dismissed the jury the judge addressed the attorneys for the prosecution and said that an obligation rested upon the city police to find the guilty party.

Six months passed and the police had made no progress.

One evening Richard Grimm and Doctor Northrup were discussing the case in the former's library.

"I am everlastingly indebted to you for proving my innocence," said Grimm. "I thought I was a goner."

"It looked bad, I'll admit," said Doctor Northrup. "But I took a chance and got away with it. You may not know it, but only one man out of a hundred could have passed the test I subjected those two witnesses to. The same experiment has been tried hundreds of times in college classes, in which psychology is taught, and the result is always the same. In fact, I became acquainted with the method while I was a college student."

"It was an amazing piece of work," said Grimm. "But who killed Douglas? That's what puzzles me?"

"I think I know," said the doctor, "but I am not ready to make a move. Unknown to you, I have been actively engaged in trying to find the man who murdered Anthony Douglas. The circumstantial evidence against you was so conclusive that I could not help but feel that it was a little too conclusive. In a word, I figured it was deliberately planned."

"Do go on," urged Grimm.

"What I mean is simply this," continued the doctor. "The man who killed Douglas knew that you were due to pass along the street at the hour you did. He took a

chance on that of course. Everything worked exactly as he had planned except that you were acquitted."

"Did this man want to see me found guilty?" asked Grimm.

"To be sure," said Doctor Northrup. "If you had been found guilty, all interest in the crime would have ceased. Then the real criminal could breathe easily."

"How did you work out this hypothesis?" asked Grimm.

"This is what I did," went on the doctor. "With the help of two detectives I made as complete a list of men and women that Douglas knew as I possibly could. We had seventy-nine names on this list. We began by seeing each of these people, and we also asked each one to name other friends of Douglas. In this way we added seventeen more names. We continued to interview people day by day. Then I discovered that one of the names on the list was that of a man who had recently gone to Atlantic City. I sent an operative there, and he found a very restless man. This he reported to me. Immediately our suspicions were aroused. And to verify our suspicions we used an old trick. One of my detectives went up to this man and said:

"'I beg your pardon, but isn't your name Anthony Douglas?' The man almost collapsed. But finally he succeeded in pulling himself together. He apologized for his conduct, saying that he was not well and that hearing the name of his old friend so unexpectedly made him feel faint. He explained that he was not Anthony Douglas, but that he once knew him quite well. And he seemed so innocent that my operative was thrown completely off his guard. In fact, he returned to New York with a negative report. Somehow I was not satisfied.

"We continued our investigations, and I learned that the suspected man was familiar with your movements. He knew that you held conferences every Thursday night at your club and that those conferences adjourned promptly at 11 o'clock. He knew that you always took a subway train and got off at the same station after you left the club and that you walked home through the same streets as methodically as a clock. He also knew that Douglas called at a friend's apartment in the building adjoining where you live every other Thursday evening for a bridge game and that the game broke up regularly at 11:30. He knew, too, that Douglas went home shortly after the game ended. Do you remember meeting Douglas every now and then?" asked the doctor.

"I passed him regularly every two weeks, but I never gave it any thought other than that I wondered what he was doing in my neighborhood," replied Grimm.

"Well, I followed my deductions," the doctor went on. "There was one man who knew your movements and who knew all about Douglas's movements. But I could find no reason why he should want to kill Douglas. I'll describe the man I suspected." And he gave a detailed description of the suspect.

"The man you are talking about is Hal Gardner," said Grimm suddenly.

"How did you know?" asked the doctor.

"Your description fits him exactly. Gardner always said that Douglas had robbed him of certain patent rights, which resulted in Douglas accumulating a fortune."

Without another word Doctor Northrup went to the telephone and called his office. Before he had a chance to say more than "Hello" he was listening to one of his detectives, who said:

"Chief, it occurred to me that I had made a mistake when I left Atlantic City without Gardner, so I went down there and got him. He is in the Tombs now."

"That's good work, Carter. I think I've got a motive now that would make him kill Douglas," said the doctor, and with a few words more he hung up.

A few days later Gardner was charged with the murder. He was indicted, tried and convicted. To-day he is serving a life sentence in a certain state's prison. Recently he told the warden how he had planned for six weeks to kill Douglas and at the same time cover his tracks. The man boasted that he had actually rehearsed the different steps five times before the night of the murder. But a shrewd detective proved his undoing.

Their Last Trick

By N. BRYLLION FAGIN

THE lecture hall was crowded. All eyes were focussed on the platform where the lecturer stood ready to begin his discourse. It was a distinguished audience, composed of intellectual men and women, or those with pretensions to intellectuality, such as could be expected to fill a hall to listen to a lecture on "The Message of Modern Art." The lecturer, E. Richard Roberts, was not known, but he had been loudly heralded, in large posters, as a famous artist and art critic, and now he stood on the platform, thin, tall, elegantly dressed, a man of nondescript age because of his black, short, round beard.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, and his voice was soft and pleasing, "in this age in which we——"

"Hold on, there!" came a cry somewhere at the end of the hall. People turned in their seats and all eyes shifted in that direction. The lecturer's words broke. A stocky, middle-aged man with graying hair was standing up and holding a tough-looking individual by the arm. He was excited and talked loudly:

"I got you! Caught you right in time! You can't get away with my money! Will some one please call the police?"

The tough-looking individual eyed his captor with resentment.

"I ain't got any money," he said, and attempted to drop something he kept in his hand.

It was the gentleman's wallet.

As if by magic a policeman was there, but by that time the lecturer was at the place of dispute, having first exhorted his audience to be calm and to keep their places.

"Keep your places, gents!" the policeman repeated the advice. "Leave it to the law."

And the law was busy. Without delay he considered the accuser and the accused under arrest and invited the lecturer to come along for good measure.

"But, my dear man," Mr. Roberts remonstrated, "these people are waiting for my lecture; I cannot accompany you."

"That's all right," responded the officer; "you'll be back soon. You've got to come along as a witness."

Mr. Roberts gave up the argument. He turned to his public with a smile frankly contemptuous of the inexorable stupidity of the law's minion and said, while hastily donning his coat and gloves:

"Ladies and gentlemen! If you will wait one-half hour I shall be back. I am extremely sorry for this annoyance. It is a misfortune, indeed, and I hope you will bear with me for one half-hour."

The lecture hall was in a remote part of the city and at a considerable distance from police headquarters. The policeman commandeered a car which was standing at the curb with its chauffeur dozing at the wheel. The reluctant party crept into the car and the lecturer urged the chauffeur to speed it up. The car proceeded through the city, avoiding the crowded streets in order to make better time.

Suddenly it swerved into a deserted alley, slowed down and stopped. Instantly the policeman and his tough-looking prisoner got up and quickly lifting the bewildered gentleman who had so nearly been robbed, they dumped him into the alley. The chauffeur turned on the speed, but just then another automobile turned into the alley, heading straight at the speeding car.

Both drivers applied the brakes and a collision was avoided. A number of men jumped out of the new car, ostensibly to discover what the matter was, but instead they surrounded the policeman and his prisoners. In the tranquil moonlight pistols

gleamed. The irate gentleman who was nearly robbed had picked himself up, apparently but little hurt, and he too arrived, holding a pistol in his hand.

"All right, boys, the game is up!" he shouted. "Hand over your guns, if you've got any, and sit back in your machine. Now we are really going to police headquarters."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Roberts. "Weren't we going to the headquarters before? I have no time to lose, you know."

"Don't be so innocent," came a jeering response from an officer. "Get right in, and shut up. You'll have plenty of time, all right. More than you need."

Soon the two cars were proceeding at a rate in conformity with the city speed limits, towards headquarters.

There evidently the guests were expected. The doors swung wide open and Major Brook, seated at his desk, looked up with a smile of anticipation. The three men were brought in.

"All right, Reese?" the Major greeted the gentleman who had nearly been robbed.

He was a detective.

"Yes, sir! Everything is O. K." He took out the wallet which he had recovered, and placed it on the chief's desk.

The Major examined it and turned to the three men.

"Clever trick it was," he admitted. "I have got to hand it to you. Very clever. But this time I am afraid it is all up. The climate in this town, I suspect, has not been very favorable to you, gentlemen. It's your last trick for a long time to come."

"Pardon me, sir," the lecturer approached him, "I don't understand just what all this means. I seem to be involved here in something which is incomprehensible. I have been disturbed in the midst of a lecture which I came to deliver in this city and have been compelled to come here. Would you mind explaining this singular business, and let me go back to my audience."

"No, I shan't mind in the least," Major Brock answered with an amiable smile. "If you will just wait a minute, it will all be explained to you and made perfectly comprehensible, I trust. Now what happened, Reese?"

Reese recounted how his wallet had been taken out of his hip pocket and how he turned around in time to intercept its being given a lodging place in the pocket of a certain individual whom he pointed out to the Major. He cried out when he found he was robbed and the lecturer came off the platform to make an investigation. Just then a policeman came into the hall and conducted them all toward the headquarters. Somewhere on the way the car in which they rode had stopped, and before he knew it he, Reese, found himself dumped out of it. It was quite gently done, though perhaps unintentionally so, for which he was thankful. And now they were, at last, at the headquarters.

Reese retired and Major Brock took charge of the case.

"You are not denying," he addressed the pickpocket, "that you attempted to take this man's money."

The crook looked at him apathetically.

"What's the use?" he asked.

"And you, Mr. Fake Policeman, that's a nice masquerade you've got on, but we'll give you another one, more becoming to your complexion. Have you got any objections?"

There was no answer.

"All right, then, that settles you two crooks," the Major continued with finality. "You are small fry, anyhow."

He waved his hand, and a few seemingly unconcerned plain-clothes men promptly conducted the two partners through a mysterious door leading to the cells.

"Now," he turned with determination to the lecturer, "what have you to say?"

"Why, sir, I don't quite understand you; I should think it's for you to say. You owe me an apology, I believe," retorted the lecturer, with dignity.

"Oh, yes, I know, I know," Major Brock remarked with an unconcealed hint of disgust. "But let's have a plain talk, man; you know you can't get away with it. We've got you, and we're going to keep you. Your career ends right here and now. You understand?"

Mr. Robert's deep gray eyes looked at Major Brock with a sullen perplexity. "No, I'm afraid I do not. What are you insinuating, anyhow?"

"Nothing. Except that a couple of months ago there was a certain man holding a revival meeting in St. Paul, Minnesota, where I was stopping, and somebody in the audience, in fact a few somebodies, complained that they had been robbed. About a month later there was a lecture given by a world-famed scientist on radio in Toledo, Ohio, and even before the lecture started somebody's pockets were picked. The man complained, and a policeman right there and then arrested the picker and the picked. For good measure he nabbed the lecturer, so that the lecture never was given. And the police department of Toledo never learned just who the trio were, for all of them—fake policeman, thief and thieved—never came to headquarters; they vamoosed. The fellow whose pockets had been picked had been dumped out of the car on the way, seemingly, to the police station. See the point?"

Again the lecturer's eyes were studious. He scratched his well-trimmed beard thoughtfully.

"Moral?" he asked.

"Take it for yourself," the Major advised.

The lecturer got up.

"Well, I am sorry, I haven't the time just now to think about it. It is interesting, of course, but these are stories, after all. Mere hearsay. And, besides, I can't see what possible connection they may have with me. There is a hall full of people waiting for me, and I must be gone. You don't want to hear anything from me about the case of the attempted pick-pocketing tonight. If I can serve in any way as a witness, please call on me. Good-night."

"Just one moment." The Major stopped him. "You are a wise man, Mr.—er—Roberts or Sumter or Beneteau. Those last two names belonged to gentlemen who had no beards. You are wise enough to suppose that I haven't anything incontrovertible to hold you on, but take a fellow-mortal's tip and get out of this town. The sooner the better. Get out to-night; that's straight."

"Thank you," murmured Mr. Roberts dryly. "Good-night."

He took a taxi and drove off. By devious ways the taxi went until it finally stopped at the railroad station. The passenger got out and walked straight to the ticket office. He obtained a train schedule and studied it a while. Then he came over again and bought a ticket. With a satisfied smile he sat down on a bench to await his train and immersed himself in a newspaper.

Presently somebody stopped before him. He looked up and saw Mr. Reese, the detective.

"Hello!" greeted the plain-clothes man. "I am here again and you'll have to follow me. You are arrested for trying to get away with the admission money of your audience. So come along quietly."

Behind Mr. Reese was another man, younger and more formidable.

They returned to headquarters.

"So you are not so wise as you thought you were!" the Major greeted him as he was brought in again. "I told you to get out, but I thought you'd have sense enough to give your lecture first, anyhow. There was a hall full of people waiting for you while you were going off down South. Well, I guess we have got something on you now which will keep you out of mischief for a short time anyhow, and may be for more. One can't be clever forever, you know. Even artists slip up. Many a little mistake has been turned into a long jail sentence."

Mr. Roberts approached him with a face blazing with anger.

"This annoyance is too much!" he exclaimed. "You have a confounded way of hounding people in this town. I am an artist, you understand, not a crook! I came to deliver a lecture on art, and you disturbed me. There was nothing for me to do after your keeping me here for an inconsiderate length of time but proceed to the next town on my tour, making provision, of course, for the refunding of the money which the people here have paid in admission fees."

"You have what?" Major Brock stood up with surprise. "My, but you are brazen! You were going from here, you said, to deliver your lecture and you went straight to the railroad station, and bought a ticket for the very next train instead."

"Yes," admitted the lecturer, "but it didn't take very long to jump off the taxi on my way and into a telephone booth and to instruct the manager of the lecture hall to refund all the money. Call him up if you wish and convince yourself."

Major Brock followed the advice and was convinced. The man had spoken the truth. He drummed on his desk and looked crestfallen.

"All right?" demanded Mr. Roberts, and his lips curved with a triumphant smile.

The Major got up.

"Yes, all right," he said, acknowledging his defeat. Despite his disappointment an admiring expression came into his face. "You *are* clever," he repeated. "Perhaps I'll change my advice; don't go, stay here; lecture some more to us; practice your art. I'll be looking out for you. You are the first artist chap I have bucked up against and you interest me. Stick around. You might slip up, after all, you know. I'd like to have the honor of saving you from the rest of the country. I am hospitable, you see."

"Thanks," said the lecturer, as he started for the door.

But just then a roar of voices was heard outside and a crowd of irate people pushed Roberts's manager in.

"Caught him sneaking off with the admission fees after his boss phoned and he admitted he was going to join Roberts," said one of the men.

The Major's eyes twinkled as he caught Roberts's glance.

"Thought you'd double-cross me, didn't you?" he asked the lecturer. "But I guess we've killed two birds with one stone."

Then he turned to a policeman.

"Lock them up, McCarthy," he added.

HUMOROUS SIDE OF SMUGGLING

THE humorous side of the smuggling business was illustrated by an incident that occurred at Baltimore. Opium was being brought in at that port and suspicion fell upon the British steamship *Vedamore*. A squard of inspectors was sent to search the ship. In order that no guilty man might escape, one of the inspectors was posted near the entrance of the wharf to challenge any one who dared to leave. He made himself a comfortable seat on the barrel stencilled "linseed oil" and awaited developments.

In the meantime the other officials searched the *Vedamore*. They hunted through lockers and cabins and cross-examined members of the crew. Most of the sailors were strenuous in their denials of any wrongdoing, but two of them—the carpenter and the lamp trimmer—acted as if they knew more than they were willing to tell. The inspectors did their best to compel the men to confess, but their replies were unsatisfactory. Finally it was decided to take them into custody. Olsen, the carpenter, objected in the most vociferous fashion. Cris, the lamp trimmer, was quite as noisy. But the officers dragged them off the ship and down the wharf.

Presently they passed the point where the inspector was dozing on the barrel stencilled "linseed oil." The manner in which the prisoners looked at that barrel aroused the suspicion of the officers. They rushed over, shook the inspector and compelled him to get off the lid. When they opened it they found 700 tins of opium. The man who held down that particular barrel has not heard the last of it yet.

Down the Chute

By JOHN R. BERRY

TWO men sat in the rear seat of a smoking car on the C. & R. I. railroad and chatted familiarly of the ups and downs of a miner's life. The topic was suggested by a landscape dotted with coal-breakers and furrowed with coal roads.

The younger of the two carried a revolver, while his companion wore a pair of those uncoveted articles of jewelry known in criminal circles as "bracelets."

The few persons who had observed them learned from the confidential brakeman that they were a noted detective and his prisoner on the way to trial. The nature of the crime committed the brakeman did not know, but hazarded a conjecture that it "must have been a pretty bad one, or George Munsen wouldn't have took the trouble to put them things on his wrists."

Presently the brakeman and the conductor satisfied the demands of their curiosity by stopping to exchange a few words with the detective. The former then perched himself upon a box directly behind the prisoner, and the latter dropped into the seat in front. The train was sweeping around a curve and past a ruined trestle on the hillside at which both of the passengers looked with some interest.

"I remember that place," said the prisoner.

"So do I," responded the officer; "I was born there. Came near being buried there, too," he resumed, after a moment's pause.

"How was that?"

"It's a pretty long story," said the detective, "but I guess we'll have time for its recital between this and the next station. Way up there on the slope is the little settlement where I made my début, so to speak. From it to the bottom of the hill there used to be a gravity road—a long, winding track reaching from the settlement down to the top of a bank wall of earth where a slide occurred the year I was born.

"On both sides of the track grew saplings that had sprung up since the disaster (what I am telling you occurred five years later), and they crowded the road and hung over the old rusty rails on which the coal cars used to run. Time I am telling about some men were walking up track, and a lot of children playing near the top, climbing in and out of an old car which had lain there since it made its last trip with the broken spraggs still in its wheels.

"The men were miners, all but one of them, who questioned his companions about their work and the country they lived in. He was evidently a stranger.

"Presently, as they talked, a shout from the top of the slope attracted their attention, and they looked up just in time to see the car begin to move slowly down the grade.

"There was an impatient exclamation from the oldest man in the party. 'Them brats is always up to some mischief,' he said. 'They have started that old thing off at last; I've been expectin' to see it go at any time this five year. They'll be breaking their necks yet with their tomfoolery.' And another of the group added: 'We must dust out of this lively, unless we want to get our necks broke. She'll either jump the rail or go to pieces at the bottom. Lucky there ain't no one aboard of her.'

"The stranger was looking anxiously up at the approaching runaway. His quick eye had caught sight of golden hair above the car rim.

—" 'There's a child in that car,' he said quietly.

"It was a second or two before his companions realized the awful meaning of that statement. A child! It was as if he had said that in a few moments some one—perhaps one of themselves—would be childless.

"With one impulse they turned to look at the broken rails at the edge of the fault. Shuddering, they fixed their eyes again on the approaching mass, then hopelessly at each other. They could not dream of stopping the progress of the car. But quick as thought the stranger took hold of a sapling and bent it down till it nearly touched the track.

" 'Hold on,' he said to one of the men, 'it will help to check her.' A rod farther down another and then a third and a fourth were held in the same way. The first obstacle was whipped out of the hands of the strong man who held it, and the car rushed on to the second sapling with hardly lessened force. Again the barrier was brushed aside, but this time the speed of the old truck was perceptibly less. By the time the fifth obstruction was reached the newcomer was able to clamber aboard and throw the child into the arms of his companion. But before he had time to save himself the truck regained its momentum and plunged toward the pricipice.

"Well, the man jumped just as they reached the edge, before his vehicle shot over the air. But he had very little time to choose his ground, and so landed, as luck would have it, on the only heap of stones in sight. The others picked him up for dead and carried him up to the settlement, where the miners held a regular wake over him. But he came to life in the middle of it and found that he was crippled for life.

"The miners—folks not easily moved—were enthusiastic about the affair, and gave such testimonials as they could to show their gratitude and appreciation.

"One of these expressions took the form of a souvenir, signed by every man in the place, and stating in very strong language what the poor fellow had done.

"The man who takes his own life in his hands every day, and has frequently to fight for the life of some companion values a 'brainy' action. In the box with the testimonial was a purse of fifty dollars and a curious old gold cross, that had been treasured by the brother of the child who was saved as his one piece of finery. On it was rudely engraved these words:

"Given by the miners at the Notch to the man who risked his life for a child.'

The prisoner was looking out of the window. The conductor rustled around as though ashamed of the interest he had shown in the story—a story which he did not doubt was pure fiction. Only the brakeman gave way to his sympathy, and asked whether the man had ever been found.

"Not that I know of," replied the detective.

"And was you the boy what he saved?"

"I was the kid."

"And you never heer'd tell what became of the man? What would you do if you shu'd come acrost him some time?"

"Oh! I'd try to even the thing up somehow. I'd treat him as well as I knew how."

"Look here," said the prisoner, turning from the window with an apparent effort to change a conversation which for some reason had not seemed to interest him—"look here, old man, I've got a little keepsake that your story just reminded me of, and if I could get at it I'd ask you to take charge of it for me till—till this thing is over. If you'll put your hand in there and pull out that bit of ribbon; so——"

The brakeman almost jumped out of his seat. "Blamed if it ain't the cross that you've just been telling about," he shouted.

A month later the detective was undergoing a cross-examination by the conductor and brakeman.

"Yes, he was a bad lot. The facts were all as clear as day. All true about the cross and the rest of it. Just as true as gospel. What had he been doing? Throwing bombs the last thing. Punished? Well, to tell you the truth, they won't be apt to punish him till they catch him again, I guess. Fact is, he got away from me somehow that same night. Who, me? Oh, no, I'm not on the force any more. I've been bounced."

When a Man's Dead

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

CHAPTER ONE

YOUNG WETHERLEY, tall, slender, dark and thoughtful-eyed, laid the little black, leather-bound memorandum-book, which he had been reading, upon the desk with a quick intake of breath. His face was flushed and his eyes were speaking as he jerked to his feet and pressed a buzzer. He stood waiting impatiently, drumming upon the mahogany desk-top with long, thin fingers. Then he swung around abruptly, as the door opened softly and Deems, his valet, short, rotund, white-haired and pale like a wisp of mist, yet with penetrating, steel-gray eyes, entered the room.

"What is it, sir?" Deems asked quietly.

Without replying Wetherley crossed the room to the magnificent talking machine and placed a record upon it.

"Malfero! The master!" Deems exclaimed, his eyes wide with wonder, as he listened.

"He left these records," Wetherley explained in a matter-of-fact tone that completely belied his real excitement. "He thought we might be wanting to hear him now and then."

"Remarkable!" Deems breathed, as the record ended.

Wetherley placed another record on the revolving table and bent low over it, his back to his serving-man.

"Listen to this, Deems!"

He started the machine but deliberately forgot to lower the needle. Instead he spoke for a time slowly and distinctly in a cold, clear, hard voice with a hint of metal in it. When sufficient time had elapsed, with dancing eyes he swung around and stared at Deems questioningly.

"It's unbelievable, sir!" Deems sighed. "It's the same, sir, as if he were here with us, here in this very room. Many and many's the time, sir, these old ears of mine have hearkened to him going over those Kipling verses. If he was a crook he liked them, sir, especially the part that goes, *'Ship Me Somewhere East of Suez!'* He'd repeat that over and over again with a queer, faraway look in his eyes. Though the master's dead for some time now, it seems that he's here just the same."

Wetherley laughed pleasantly and returned to the desk, from a drawer of which he took several sheets of fool's-cap covered with long-hand.

"Seems just as though he's here," Deems kept murmuring and shaking his head dubiously, "and yet he's gone."

"I'm not so sure about that, Deems." Wetherley looked up quickly with a tantalizing smile.

"What do you mean, sir?" Deems queried.

"I'm not so sure he's gone."

"Didn't these old hands of mine lay him out after serving him for years and years?" Deems asked. "Didn't we cremate his body, sir, according to his expressed wishes? You are not sure he's gone? What do you mean, sir?" The old servant stepped closer, his face troubled, his voice incredulous, pleading. "You mean he isn't dead, sir?"

"There is no dying, Deems," Wetherley answered reflectively. "I believe we just change form. That's all. We go on and on, to my way of thinking, Deems."

"No dying!" Deems ejaculated. "But——"

"Sometimes," Wetherley went on, disregarding the interruption, "I believe we stay

right here to do the things we neglected to do, to finish our work."

"It's a bit too deep for me, sir." Deems forced a laugh.

As Wetherley stood there by the massive mahogany desk, memory suddenly changed the sumptuously furnished room into the shadowy and cheerless cell of the Death House. He, a condemned murderer, though innocent, was hearing the notorious crook Malfero's voice, grown strangely soft, was seeing the crucifix that Malfero held before his eyes, was eagerly and wonderingly pressing the cross to his lips to seal the covenant between them.

"I am old; you are young," he was once more hearing Malfero's voice. "I bring you life. I give you wealth that you may do what I have failed to do. I have lived my life and made of it a hideous thing. The world is far worse for my having known existence. My name stands for all that good men despise. You must take my name and make it honored among your fellows. I have failed miserably; my talents have been wasted. You must now succeed for both of us. You must be just where I have been partial; generous where I have been cruel. You must see that the innocent are avenged, that the guilty suffer. You must avenge Dave Curran. Do you swear?" Malfero ended.

"I swear!" Wetherley thought aloud.

"I don't understand!" Deems muttered, eyeing his young master with troubled glances. "I don't understand at all, sir!"

"None of us do, Deems," Wetherley replied, coming back once more to his surroundings. "Look at these, Deems," he directed, indicating the sheets of fool's-cap.

Deems approached the desk and leaned over the closely-written pages.

"Malfero's!" Deems said at once.

"His writing?" Wetherley queried with a wry smile.

"I couldn't mistake it, sir!"

"You're sure, Deems?"

"Sure, sir!"

"Quite sure?"

"Absolutely, sir!" Deems retorted. "I could not possibly mistake it, sir. The "e's" and the "h's" alone are enough to convince me. That is Malfero's writing."

"All right, Deems," Wetherley laughed. "You may go now. No talking, you know. This is just between us."

"Very well, sir."

As the door closed behind the old man, Wetherley resumed his place at the desk.

"If Deems is convinced," he murmured, "I certainly ought to be able to put this over big. If I can fool Deems, who has been with Malfero for years, I ought to be able to hoodwink Whispering Cahill who caused the death of Malfero's pal Curran. Malfero's voice and Malfero's writing! I am ready now."

He picked up the memorandum-book and leafed through it slowly. Finally he turned to the title page.

"To young Wetherley," he read, "hereinafter named Malfero the Second—the tasks for his doing—to succor the distressed, to vindicate the wronged, to mete out justice on Cahill."

Wetherley became completely absorbed in his reading.

"Whispering Cahill!" he muttered at last. "Whispering Cahill! Whispering——"

Then with eager hands he seized pen and paper and began writing with firm, clear strokes.

CHAPTER TWO

HEN'S basement saloon was far from a cheerful place at any time, but this rainy morning it was even drearier than usual. The sickly gas-light, burning over the bar and glinting back from the smudged mirror and bottles of liquor, revealed a low room crowded with a helter-skelter of little round tables and heavy arm-chairs; mangy green walls, plastered with newspaper prints of stage and ring celebrities; Hen himself, red-faced, fat-jowled and pig-eyed, with his thin hair slicked down over a receding forehead, industriously polishing the mahogany with a dirty bar-towel; and Whispering Cahill, seated in the far corner, facing the door and playing solitaire with a pack of greasy

cards. Every now and then Whispering lifted his eyes to glance at the door. He was unhealthily sallow and very thin. There was a melancholy droop to his shoulders and his lean face was as expressionless as a mask.

"Red-eye, Hen!" Whispering suddenly broke the silence, but his voice barely carried across the empty room. "No chaser."

"Right-o!" Hen laughed, instantly turning from his polishing to attend to his customer's wants.

"This the real stuff, Hen?"

"Real Irish dew, Whisperin'," Hen answered proudly. "They ain't none better'n that."

Whispering filled his glass and tossed off its contents at a gulp.

"It's th' goods, ain't it?" Hen asked.

"Leave the bottle!"

"Right-o!" Hen chuckled, as he returned to his labors with the soiled towel.

The tarnished gilt clock above the mirror ticked away the minutes. Hen spat vociferously now and then, as he paused to glance surreptitiously at Whispering, who continued to shuffle and place his cards automatically. Then the door jerked inward and a humped, grotesque travesty of humanity shuffled into the dim light and blinked around craftily with beady eyes, set in a weazened face that seemed ages old. The deformed creature halted just inside the door.

"Outside!" Hen snarled.

"I'm a-lookin' fer——"

"Beat it, Humpy!" Hen growled savagely. "I ain't givin' a hoot wot yer lookin' fer. I know yuh'll be lookin' fer trouble an' findin' it, too, if yuh don't git that door between us quick. See?"

Hen turned the far end of the bar.

"I'm a-lookin' fer Whisperin' Cahill," Humpy whined.

"Well," Hen grumbled, stopping on his way to the newcomer, "he's settin' back there in th' corner as big as life playin' cards. Wot ails yer lamps, Humpy? See?"

Humpy shuffled across the dirty floor, his whole frame writhing hideously as he moved, and paused in front of Whispering, who was now completely absorbed in his game. Humpy watched him for a while, shifting from one foot to the other.

"Wot's a letter wuth to yuh, Whisperin'?" he finally asked.

Whispering looked up.

"Hello, Humpy!" he sighed. "What are you doing here?"

"Wot's a letter wuth to yuh, Whisperin'?"

"A letter?"

"That's th' merry word, Whisperin'."

"What's it worth to me?"

"Yep!"

"All depends, Humpy. Maybe a lot; maybe nothing at all, absolutely nothing at all."

"But supposin', Whisperin'"—Humpy leaned over the table to leer knowingly into the other's face—"supposin' they's a limousine in th' game an' mebbe—Git me. I'm sayin' mebbe—a sweet frail in on th' play. Supposin' now, Whisperin'. What's th' merry word then?"

"A limousine, Humpy, and maybe a skirt, eh?" Whispering laughed, his dead eyes brightening as he licked his thin lips.

"Yuh said it, Whisperin'."

"That's different, Humpy."

"Wot's a letter wuth to yuh?" Humpy repeated.

Whispering tossed a handful of silver upon the table and watched Humpy gather it up with eager, clawlike hands. Then he went pawing through his ragged garments and brought to light a square gray envelope soiled with his handling. Whispering took it and turned it this way and that, looking at the envelope with eyes that revealed nothing of what was going on behind them.

"Where did you get this?" Whispering asked.

"That'd be tellin'."

"Where did you get this, Humpy?" Whispering insisted.

Humpy just grinned maliciously.

"Come across!" Whispering breathed, seizing Humpy by the shoulder and squeezing his flesh. "No stalling, Humpy! Out with it!"

"Awright!" Humpy agreed. "Lemme go!"

"No monkeyshines, Humpy!" Whispering warned. "I have my gun and you can't move very fast."

"It was like this. See?" Humpy explained. "I was crossin' th' main drag jus' up at th' corner." He jerked a dirty thumb over his shoulder. "I jus' landed on this side, when a gray limousine oozes up to th' curb in front o' me. See? It's a lulu an' I gawks at it like a rube. Then th' door opens a bit an' a long, gray-gloved hand pops out an' hooks me by th' arm. See?"

"You didn't see who grabbed you?"

"Naw!"

"Go on, Humpy."

"'Take this to Whisperin' Cahill,' I hears an' it sounds to me like a fluff. 'Whisperin's playin' solitaire up to Hen's place.' Yuh coulda floored me with a cream-puff, Whisperin'."

"That all?"

"'See that Whisperin' hisself gits this,' an' th' hand pokes that letter at me. 'If th' letter goes wrong,' th' voice says to me, 'yuh'll be gittin' somethin' yuh ain't wantin' fer yer foolishness.' See? That's all, Whisperin'."

Humpy shuffled away as he had come, grinning evilly at Hen on his way out. For a time Whispering sat and stared quizzically at the gray envelope. He appeared altogether at a loss. Then he very deliberately tucked his forefinger under the flap and forced it open. Instantly his apparent indifference sloughed from him and a look of puzzled incredulity, mingled with fear, crept over his features, as he read:

"The big play is on. I am in need of a reliable man. I have picked you. The gray limousine will be at the next corner at ten to-night. Come!

"THE GRAY MASK."

"By the Lord Harry!" Whispering gasped. "That's Malfero's writing! There is not a doubt about it. It's his writing and yet Malfero's been dead for months. He was burned to ashes. I saw him cremated with my own eyes. But this is his writing," he mused. "There never was any writing just like it. The ink is still fresh and the paper's new. What does this mean?"

"Wot's eatin' yuh, Whisperin'?" Hen asked. "Yuh look like yer seein' things. Yuh look as white as a ghost's supposed to be."

"Nothing's eating me, Hen," Whispering told him, continuing to stare at the letter with a troubled frown. "I am just wondering if a man's really dead, when he's dead."

Then he got to his feet quickly and hurried out, moving as noiselessly as a cat.

"An' I'm wonderin'," Hen sighed, as the door clicked behind Whispering Cahill and he poured himself a stiff drink, "I'm wonderin' jus' this minute whether Whisperin' ain't gone balmy at last an' took to raisin' bats in his belfry. He jabbers like a sick monkey up a hula-hula tree. Is a man dead, when he's dead? Ugh! Huh! I wonder wot give him that pretty notion. Here's to crime!" He drank his liquor and smacked his lips loudly. "Is a man dead, when——" Hen broke off abruptly. "An' Whisperin' ain't settled fer th' booze he stowed away! Huh! Is a man dead, when he's dead? Ugh!"

CHAPTER THREE

AT nine-forty-five that night Whispering Cahill, his eyes ferretlike under the visor of his tweed cap and his hands on the automatics in the side-pockets of his coat, stood waiting on the corner impatiently, like a hound tugging at the leash. Curiosity and the adventure lure, coupled with money-hunger and a nameless fear, had brought him to this trysting. Exactly on the stroke of ten a closed, gray car rolled to the curb, stopped and the door swung open. Clutching his guns tightly but determined to see this thing through, Whispering stepped inside rather awkwardly. Then the door slammed behind him and the car nosed out into the traffic. The interior of the car was as black as the inside of a hat, and Whispering could make out nothing, as he

settled upon the cushions taut and expectant.

"You are very prompt," a cold, metallic voice cut the stillness like a knife.

"Malfero!" Whispering choked and swung toward the voice, momentarily blinded by the shower of soft light that suddenly flooded the tightly-curtained car.

At the wheel sat a man clothed in gray from head to foot. Gray gloves covered his hands and a gray mask concealed his features.

"Malfero?" The Gray Mask queried icily. "He is dead."

"I was certain——"

"You can feel perfectly safe in loosening your grip on your automatics," the Gray Mask interrupted. "You are in no immediate danger."

Whispering laughed uneasily but nevertheless crossed his arms upon his breast.

"That's better," The Gray Mask went on. "Now we can talk."

"That letter this morning," Whispering muttered, "had me going. The writing was Malfero's. That's why I came. I wanted to make certain. Now your voice is Malfero's, too. There were never any others just like it, but——"

"But what?" The Gray Mask demanded coldly.

"Malfero is dead," Whispering answered. "When he so dramatically saved that young What's-his-name——"

"Wetherley?"

"That's the chap," Whispering went on. "When he saved Wetherley from the chair by confessing at the last moment that he had killed Bankard, he was naturally convicted and sent to the Death House. He beat the game, though." There was admiration in his whispered tones. "That always was Malfero's way. He always beat the game. He cheated the law as he had ever cheated it. His heart went back on him in time to save him from the chair. He died in his cell."

"That certainly ought to settle all doubts, then," The Gray Mask laughed mirthlessly.

"It sure ought," Whispering agreed dubiously, "but I've never yet settled it in my mind whether a man is really dead, when he is dead."

"Forget it!" The Gray Mask snapped. "That's squirrel stuff you're shooting. Let's get down to business."

"I'm listening."

"This little game I'm playing," The Gray Mask explained, "was started before Malfero died."

Whispering's eyes narrowed and his lips tightened.

"He planned all this but couldn't go through with it, didn't have the time," The Gray Mask continued. "Now I am going to swing it and other big jobs, too. I need one good man to help me. I've looked over the field and I've decided that you are the man to fill the bill. Before the first big coup I have some smaller jobs on the calendar."

"What's the lay?" Whispering questioned, his satisfaction very evident and his vanity flattered.

"I'm the brains of this combination," The Gray Mask asserted. "If you join up with me, you do just exactly as I say. Of course, that's understood. We will split fifty-fifty and the pickings will be juicy. Working with me, the risks will be negligible. What do you say?"

"What am I getting into?"

"You'll see."

"This going blind doesn't exactly make a hit with me."

"There's five hundred dollars to cement the partnership," The Gray Mask said, tossing a roll of bills on the seat beside Whispering. "I know you have been playing in hard luck lately. I know you're broke."

Whispering eyed the money as a hungry cat eyes a mouse.

"When do we go to work, Chief?" Whispering asked, pocketing the roll of bills.

"To-night—if you're ready."

"To-night?"

The Gray Mask nodded.

"What's the game?"

"The White Glory!"

"Malfero's pearl?"

"The same."

"Wetherley has it."

"Wetherley has everything," The Gray

Mask growled. "A town apartment, a country house, a fortune! We're going to annex the pearl. The young cub won't miss it. We get it to-night."

"What a haul!" Whispering breathed, smiling in anticipation.

"Everything's fixed," The Gray Mask explained. "There's nothing to do but crack the safe. That's your job. Listen. Get this."

They leaned close together; The Gray Mask talking rapidly, Whispering all ears. Suddenly the light snapped out and the darkness swallowed them up, but The Gray Mask's voice continued to drone on.

CHAPTER FOUR

WHISPERING CAHILL, his footfalls deadened in the thick carpet, walked boldly up the long hallway that led to the Wetherley apartment which had formerly been occupied by Malfero. At the door he paused cautiously and listened. Then he turned the knob and pushed inside.

"It's a straight game," he murmured, "and things are just as he said. So far, so good."

The door clicked shut behind him and he stood straining forward, peering into the impenetrable darkness. Smothered breathing came to him from close at hand. Using his flash, he discovered Deems, gagged and trussed up like a fowl for market, insensible in a big chair to the right of the door. Whispering sniffed, as he leaned over the old man and shook him vigorously.

"Sleeping like a night-watchman," Whispering sighed. "Drugged."

He let Deems fall back indifferently and made his way through the reception-hall to tour the rest of the rooms and then return to the library.

"Chief surely had the dope right," he laughed, as he studied the small safe in the library wall. "Wetherley's out all right and his man doesn't care whether school keeps or not. This certainly ought to be a pipe, as easy as slipping on a banana-peel."

He examined the lock carefully and chuckled. From under his coat he produced an array of shining tools,—a clamp, several bits and a sectional brace. He settled on his knees in front of the safe, placing his flash so that it cast a disc of light upon the lock.

"As wise as Malfero was," he kept talking to himself, as he worked, "and a safe as old-fashioned as this. I can't quite grasp it. Just a bone, I suppose. Even the best of us pull them now and then."

He turned the knob this way and that, backwards and forwards, seeking to hit upon the combination, but his straining ears failed to hear the tumblers drop into place.

"I'll have to drill," Whispering sighed.

In no time at all his drill was eating into the safe door as easily as a knife cut into cheese and fine metallic shavings were dropping to the carpet. Again and again he drilled, breathing hard and perspiring from his exertions. Finally he applied the clamp and screwed it tight. With a sharp snapping of broken steel the lock pulled out just as easily as a turnip is uprooted from the soil. With an air of triumph Whispering swung back the safe-door and flashed his torch into the interior. The safe was empty!

"Sold!" he choked. "A set-up!"

He snapped to his feet, his hands on his guns, and swung around. The Gray Mask was standing like a ghost in the shadows staring at him.

(*To be continued in our next issue.*)

Ten-Year Jekyll-Hyde Life

THE story of a ten-year struggle between good and evil in the soul of Eddie Daugherty, twenty-seven, restaurant keeper at No. 64 Front street, Brooklyn, in which the Dr. Jekyll side of his nature triumphed for long periods only to be overcome by Hyde-like acts of robbery, drunkenness and gambling, was revealed when he pleaded guilty in Kings County Court of robbery in the first degree. He is charged with being the leader of a gang which robbed upward of eighty chain stores in Brooklyn recently.

The flashing eyes of a handsome Italian brunette, Mrs. Ralph de Salvo, wife of one of the members of Daugherty's gang, were responsible for the exposure of this modern Jekyll and Hyde. Ten days ago Ralph de Salvo was sentenced in Brooklyn Supreme Court to ten to twenty years in Sing Sing prison. He requested an interview with District Attorney Dodd before being taken up the river.

"One of the gang," said De Salvo," went to my wife and told her since I was going away for a long time she had better come and live with him. If they are going to play that game I can do it too. I want to confess."

De Salvo made a statement involving Daugherty and five others in a series of sensational robberies of Brooklyn chain stores from December, 1921, to November, 1922.

Daugherty, then seventeen, received a suspended sentence in 1912 for robbery. In 1914 he was sentenced to one year and six months for robbery and assault. Then for five years he ran straight. He was an ordinary American citizen, working early and late to support a pretty wife and three children. The restaurant business, run under the name of "Eddie's," prospered. It was hard work, but Eddie rejoiced in the fact that his conduct was right and he was putting a bit away. Dr. Jekyll was supreme. Then Mr. Hyde began to whisper in Daugherty's ear. Softly at first. Just a little drink, then another one. He became a drunkard; still he kept his course straight. Drinking led to gambling with the boys. Not much to start with, but Daugherty soon found himself in debt.

"Why not pay your gambling debts with a few hold-ups?" suggested Mr. Hyde.

So Mr. Hyde took possession of Eddie Daugherty's soul, but he could not quite drive out Dr. Jekyll, who had reigned unchallenged for so many years. The hard-working restaurant keeper came down to his work as usual at 7 in the morning and, until late in the afternoon, served the usual customers. At night the kitchen was the meeting-place of the Daugherty gang and robberies were planned. This continued for nearly a year, Dr. Jeykll working days and Mr. Hyde taking charge at night.

All this Eddie Daugherty confessed in broken accents to Assistant District Attorney Geoghegan.

"I'm guilty," he said. "You've got me. I might as well throw the key away. But it is hard. I've been going straight for the last seven months, and when I'd got the business straight again I was going away to start a new life somewhere."

Daugherty confessed he had taken part in thirty-five robberies, but it is expected he will be implicated in more then twice that number.

Mrs. Daugherty and Daugherty's mother shed light on the Jekyll side of his character to a reporter of *The World*.

"He was the best husband and best father in the world," said Mrs. Daugherty in tears. "It's all a frame-up. I've never known him to pull a mean trick in all the years we've been married. His children just worship him."

Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by C. F. Oursler.
13 "Under a Mask," By Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by C. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by R. Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith S. Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by B. Poynter
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieut. Robt. W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by Wm. H. Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Chas. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura R. Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by William H. Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by E. Rosemon
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by Wm. H. Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
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99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
100 "The Secret Service Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by G. Jacobs.
103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Bechdolt.
104 "The Little Red Book," by J. Alexander Young.
105 "A Man from Siam," by Chas. F. Oursler.
106 "The Clue of the Emerald Ring," by B. Poynter.
107 "Hell's Hinges," by Hamilton Craigie.
108 "The Wolf," by Katherine Stagg.
109 "The Brass Button," by Jack Bechdolt.
110 "A Whispering Mummy," by Chas. F. Oursler.
111 "Trapping the Jewel Smugglers," by B. Poynter.
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117 "A Scientific Detective," by D. G. McDonald.
118 "Number Nine Queer Street," by Jack Bechdolt.
119 "Trailed by a Private Detective," by Gottlieb Jacobs.
120 "The Mouse Trap," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
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133 "The Time Detective," by Frank Blighton.
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137 "The Consuming Death," by Gilbert Hammond.

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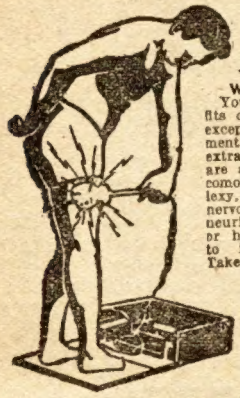

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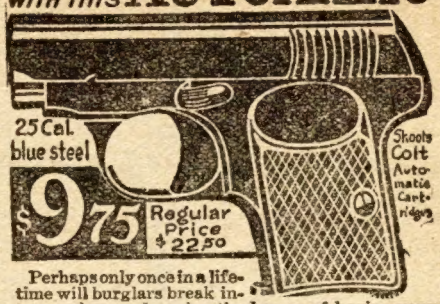

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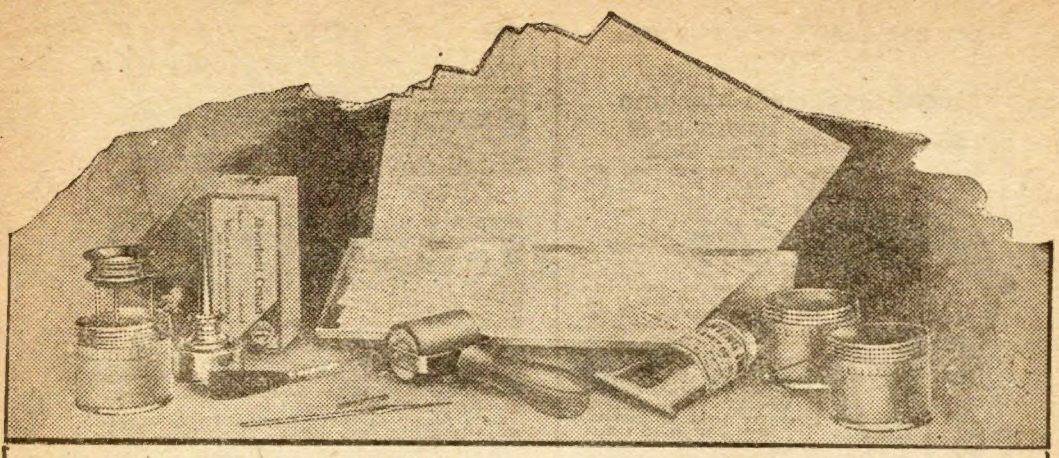

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